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The Literary Digest

FOR MAY 15, 1937

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Mail

Psychology

By J. B. RHINE, Department of Psychology, Duke University—

I am greatly indebted to the writer of the article under the heading of "Psychology" which appeared in the April 24 issue. I do not know which of your editors was responsible for it, but the story was both accurate and interesting. Durham, North Carolina.

By ED. BODIN, Psychologist—

Thank you for the nice comment you made on my work in *Psychology Magazine* in your April 24 issue. I wish it were possible to release to the public some of the actual work that is being accomplished in the field of mental telepathy.

Perhaps you won't believe me, but it was my thought-telepathy that played a big part in drawing THE DIGEST'S attention to my work. I willed it for three nights after I decided that THE LITERARY DIGEST was the soundest of news-weekly magazines from the standpoint of sincerity and prestige.

All this work is just a hobby of mine. I have no financial interest. Therefore your article was highly gratifying. New York City.

By E. W. ROBERTS, M. E.—

. . . The basic theory of thought-transference is simple. The working of the mind requires the expenditure of energy. All energy is of a vibratory nature and virtually all types of energy possess the faculty of induction over space. Hence, the thought-wave of one is impressed upon the mind of another.

In the investigation of this fascinating subject much can be accomplished in the hands of those trained in scientific research and with the ability to reason from basic knowledge. The tendency seems to be to make hit-or-miss tests, not to proceed from these results into a broader field of experimentation. My personal experience has been that few

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possess the ability to analyze results of experimentation. Cincinnati.

"Fawncy"

By WILLIAM C. LENGEL—

"Send an American to London for six months and, despite himself, he will come home saying 'fawncy that.' "

Perhaps: But your returning pilgrim never heard an Englishman pronounce it *fawncy*. The only people who say *fawncy* are American actors or American writers who write *fawncy* because they read it written that way by other writers who had read it.

The British pronounce it *fency* and they say *lahst* for last, *ahfternoon* for afternoon. But they do not say *caht* for cat; they call it *ket*. Oh, it is very *refaned*, this Oxford influence on the "A." There is no music to guide you. You must learn to play it by ear. *Fency thet!*

Hartsdale, New York.

Taxes

By E. J. ATTER—

In your issue of April 10 the writer on sugar-maple says, "At 150, they (the trees) are still paying taxes on a farm for the planter's grandchildren."

But only, may I add, after the grandchildren have managed to exchange the produce of the trees for money.

Tithes were originally paid in kind, but nowadays only money is accepted in payment of taxes. The farmer does not grow money; he grows produce. Yet money is demanded of him.

Thus, the farmers, together with the manufacturers and the rest of us, are at the mercy of the international financiers and bankers who have a monopoly on the creation of the money we must somehow get (we neither grow nor make it) to pay our taxes.

Modern taxation is not primarily an economic device; it's a tyrannical device.

Carmel, California.

The Customs Hurdle

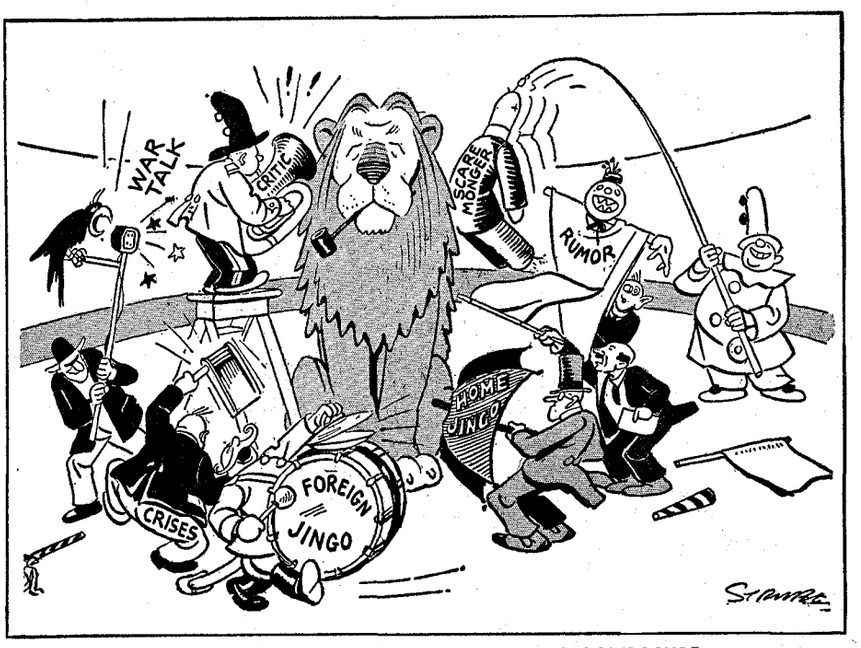
By ROBERT R. BOND—

Anent your article "Cheating Uncle," I am wondering if the author has read Morris Markey's "The Crime of Coming Home." Nothing I have ever read has better expressed the feelings of a huge majority of Americans returning from abroad when they think what is in store for them at American ports. It is not the examination that is so objectionable—a fair-minded person realizes that this is necessary—but the manner in which, in many cases, the examination is conducted.

A case in point: On my return from Japan a few years ago, while I was waiting my turn on the dock at San Francisco, I was preceded by a worried young mother with a sick child whom she was bringing home for treatment. She had only a small amount of baggage, her declaration was apparently in good order, but the inspector seemed to single her out above all others. He made a sad havoc of her effects, most of which he left dumped on the dirty floor of the dock.

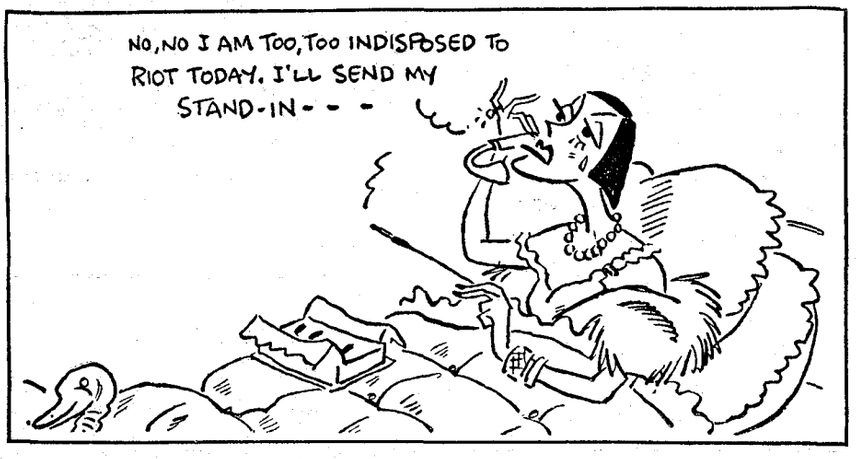
I have traveled extensively abroad and have passed through scores of customs examinations throughout the world but in no single instance have I met with any but courteous treatment. It is hard to understand why it is necessary for our Government to retain in its employ the large number of surly, supercilious and ill-bred public servants we meet on our docks coming home.

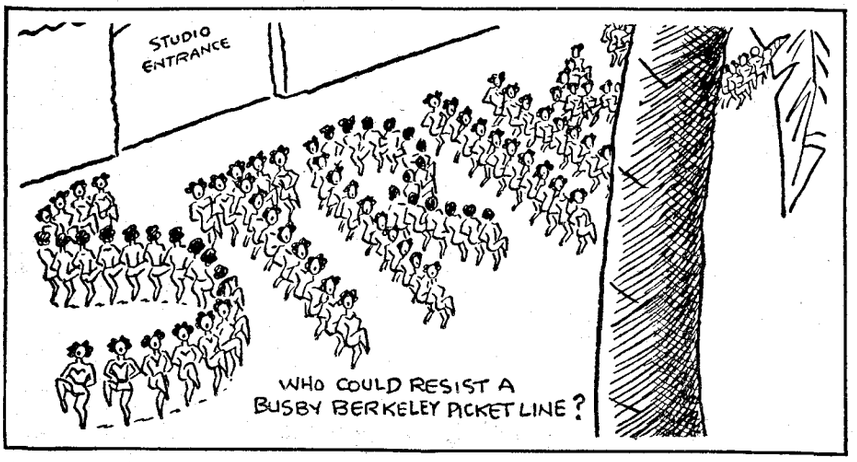
San Rafael, California.



TRAINING TO DEVELOP THE BRITISH LION'S COMPOSURE

—Strube. ©New York Times





STARS AND STRIKES

—Haenigsen in New York Evening Journal

The Court

By D. J. MORAN—

The Constitution gives to Congress the power and authority to fix the number of Justices that shall constitute the Supreme Court, so no one in his senses can claim the President's plan is unconstitutional.

Whether this plan is adopted or not is a matter of public policy, not of its constitutionality. The slogan against it is that it is "Packing the Court" and that such packing is un-American.

Some forty-five years of study and observation of Government in this country leads to only one conclusion: That the great American two-party political system is founded on packing the Government every two years as to Congressmen, every six years as to Senators, and every four years as to the Executive.

Now I ask, why all this buncombe about packing? Is it not our good old American way of conducting our public affairs? If the courts are a public affair, why be horrified at this application to them?

Next to baseball, packing Government offices is the great American sport.

Hammond, Indiana.

Curiosity

By GERALDINE HART—

Please tell me why a bull doesn't like red.

Chicago.

Juan Belmonte, famous Spanish *torero*, in "Juan Belmonte, Killer of Bulls," says: "Bulls are no more sensitive to red than any other bright color." A furious *toro* will direct his charge at anything bright or quick-moving. —*Editor.*

By R. E. SISTROM—

I have heard it said that a good part of the pleasure of smoking comes from the sight of the exhaled smoke. If this is true, would it not be possible to discourage smoking by making the smoke invisible? Is it true that blind men do not smoke? Los Angeles.

It is true that the sense of taste is assisted by the sense of sight. But A. S. E. Ackermann, in "Popular Fallacies," says: "That blind men do not enjoy smoking is a belief as wide-spread as it is false. . . . Blind men smoke faster than those who have not lost their sight."—*Editor.*

By MRS. HUGH PIFER—

Is it necessary to stand to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee"? Has "The Star-Spangled Banner" been officially made our National Anthem? If so, when? Is it necessary to stand to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" or is it not? Niagara Falls.

It is not necessary to stand to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," since it ranks with

(Continued on page 39)

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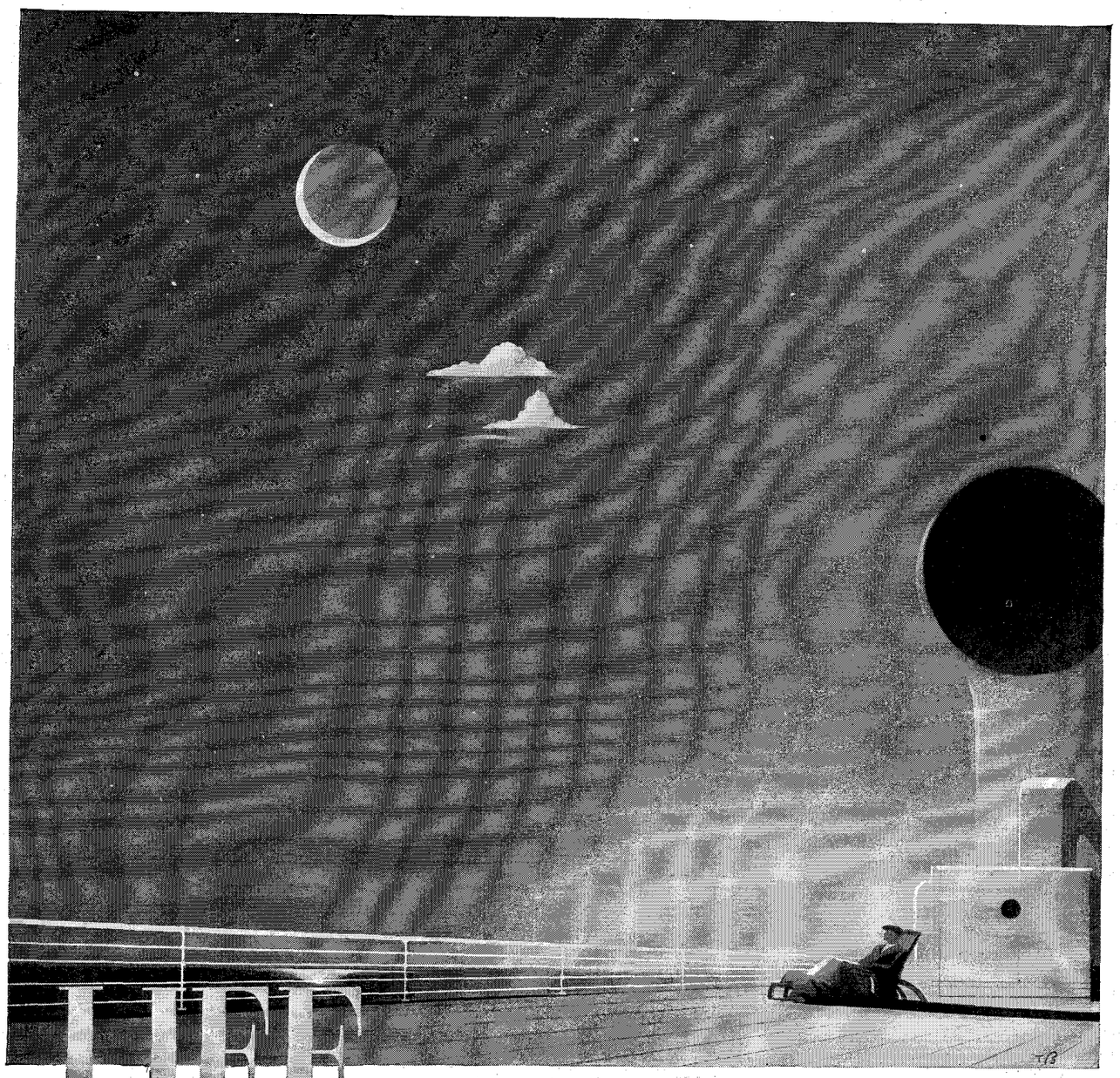

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK MAY 15, 1937

Foreign Comment

AN EMPIRE'S POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

World's Mightiest Commonwealth Watches London Rites

On destroyers off Bilbao, in Yangtze River gunboats on the China Station, sailors tossed off an extra ration of rum. . . .

A dark-skinned potentate paraded London streets, bearing a tropical symbol of royal power—a feathery fly-swatter. . . .

In every village of flowering England, children sipped their milk from Coronation mugs. . . .

Loud-speakers, the astounding number of 5,250 of them, carried the miracle of radio to native straw villages in British West Africa. . . .

In Hongkong, Chinese wound after His Majesty's khaki-clad battalions in serpentine processions. . . .

Ale foamed in British pubs, gin-topers quaffed an extra noggin. . . .

Sacred white elephants, caparisoned in gold and silver, trudged over Burmese roads. . . .

In Canada, Kenya Colony, Singapore, Bermuda, the new colony of Aden—throughout the mighty British Empire that circles the globe, cannon boomed, whistles tooted and men drank loyal toasts to "His Majesty, the King!"

Yet this week's great royal show in London, the Coronation ceremony (see cover), makes George VI no more a King than he became at the moment of his brother's abdication last December; no more a King than was the uncrowned Edward VIII in his short reign; no more a King than England's only other uncrowned monarch, little Edward V, who was murdered in the Tower.

It simply is the final, formal rite in the elevation of a modern Monarch to an ancient Throne.

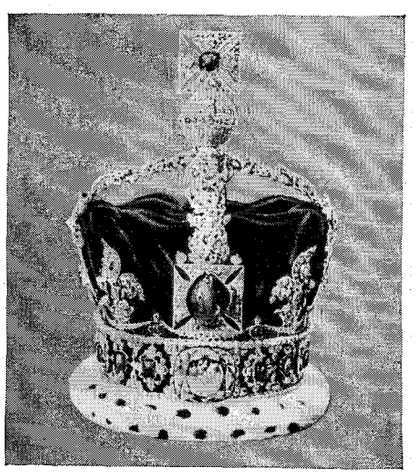
But in ancient times a sovereign was not regarded as truly King until he had been crowned, and William I was called Duke of Normandy until after the ceremony which made him King by right of the Norman conquest.

For devout Anglicans, the Coronation is a sacrament; its mysticism and symbolism are hold-overs from an age of more sublime faith than to-day's. In feudal times it made the ruler a *persona mixta*, half-priest, half-layman. Victims of scrofula and other diseases crowded around him on his every appearance to seek a cure from the touch of his consecrated hands.

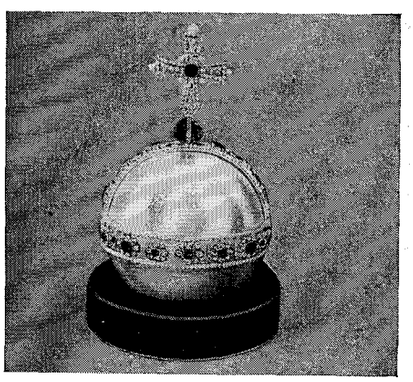
The strong-minded Elizabeth, traveling in state through Gloucestershire, questioned that belief in vain when she exclaimed to her suffering, stampeding subjects who clamored for the healing power of her royalty:

"My good people, I can not cure. God alone can do that."

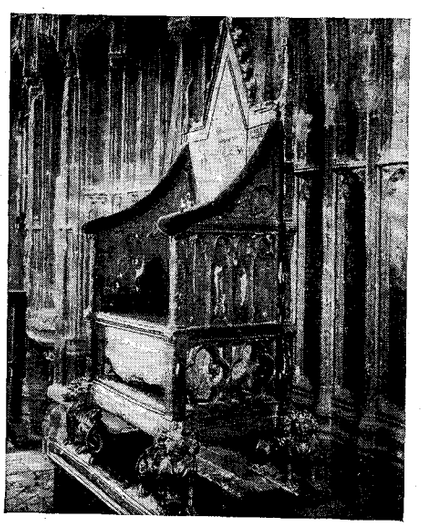
The sacred quality of the Coronation



Crown



Orb



Throne

rings in Shakespeare's "Richard II," when the doomed Monarch protests:

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men can not depose
The deputy elected by the Lord;
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the right.

So thoroughly has the British ceremony been ritualized that it could be visualized in advance of the actual Coronation services. Parts of the ceremony date back to the anointing of the Kings of Israel; others derive from pre-Christian Teutons who hoisted their chief on a shield and bore him, standing, around the assembled tribe three times.

Some go back to the absolute powers of William the Conqueror, tho the quite ordinary young man who nowadays wears the crimson Robe of State and Cap of Maintenance into the glittering glory of Westminster as the climax of a dazzling procession has virtually no power at all.

People's Part—Removing the cap, he stands by his chair on the platform and faces east while the Archbishop of Canterbury, surrounded by high officials, proclaims:

"I here present unto you King George, your undoubted King: Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

A stentorian cry breaks from the people:

"God save King George."

The same question brings the same response from the other three points of the compass:

"God save King George."

The act of recognition—symbol of the people's election of the King—thus accomplished, the Archbishop administers a new oath in conformity with the Statute of Westminster, which set up Dominion Government.

"Will you solemnly promise and swear," the Primate asks the Monarch, "to govern the peoples of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the Union of South Africa, of your possessions and the other territories to any of them belonging or pertaining, and of your Empire of India, according to their respective laws and customs?"

The King does; he also pledges himself to govern with justice and mercy, to maintain the Established Church and preserve the privileges of its clergy.

"The thing which I have here before promised," he swears, "I will perform and keep. So help me God!"

Then the Monarch approaches the plain

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Coronation Pictures

Timed to reach the vast public eagerly snatching up souvenir cups, spoons, handkerchiefs and what-nots bearing pictures of the newly-crowned heads of the British Empire is a collection of nineteen portraits—artist unknown—some of which appear on these pages.

Since these pencil studies were done by one of the Court's intimates, no glory goes to the artist. Indeed, his name is unknown to his American publishers. The only mark of verification is an introduction written by the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair.

To an audience familiar with George VI and Queen Elizabeth, sketches of the less-prominent members of the family are revealing. The retiring, aged Duke of Connaught resembles closely his brother, the late George V. To conclude the collection is former King Edward, now Duke of Windsor, looking somewhat sad.

Originals of the series immediately were snapped up by Britons.

The House of Windsor. With an introduction by the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair. (New York: E. P. Dutton; $2.)

Coronation Chair (scarred by the initials of countless egoists) which bears under its seat the Stone of Destiny, historic Coronation relic of the Scottish Kings and the legendary pillow on which the Patriarch Jacob slept.

Removing his robe and ermine cape, he is anointed behind a cloth-of-gold pall held by four Knights of the Garter, the Duke of Abercorn, Marquess of Londonderry, Earl of Lytton and Earl Stanhope.

The Dean of Westminster pours the holy oil—it is a blend of balsam and olive-oil; the young Victoria complained of its foul smell. Dipping his fingers in a gold spoon three times, His Grace blesses the King on his hands, bared breast and head.

Clothed in a tunic of gold tissue, the King next receives the spurs, emblem of knighthood; the Sword of State; the blunt-edged Sword of Mercy; the Orb, and St. Edward's Ring.

Presenting the Scepter with the dove, the Archbishop prays:

"Receive the rod of equity and mercy; and God, from Whom all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works do proceed, direct and assist you in the administration and exercise of all those powers which He hath given you. Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so execute justice that you forget not mercy. Punish the wicked, protect and cherish the just and lead your people in the way wherein they should go."

Then comes the most dramatic and beautiful moment of the ceremony. The Archbishop blesses the Crown and reverently places it on the Monarch's brown head. At that instant, to the fanfare of trumpets and the dulled booming of distant guns, the lights flash on and the Abbey shimmers with gold and jewels as the peers put on their coronets.

Meanwhile, the whole assembly cries:

"God save the King!"

H.M. Queen Mary

H.M. King George VI

The Archbishop takes the oath of homage for the lords spiritual, and the King's next brother, the Duke of Gloucester, for the Princes of the blood, saying:

"I, Henry Duke of Gloucester, do become your liege-man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folk. So help me God!"

Strain—To shorten the ordeal for King George, about whose health rumors multiply daily, only the first peer of each rank—dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts and barons—takes the oath, while his fellows kneel without their coronets and repeat it after him. Then the spokesman for each group touches the Crown—the supporting bishops, meanwhile, easing the pressure, if necessary—and kisses the Monarch's cheek.

Queen Elizabeth's Coronation, by her husband's pleasure, since it is not hers by right or by the will of the people, follows. The Archbishop, praying God to "defend her evermore from all dangers, ghostly and bodily," places on her head the plati-

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth

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H.M. Queen Elizabeth

num crown with the dazzling Kohinoor diamond while peeresses put on their coronets, and, in the Royal Box, looking on proudly beside her grandmother, little Princess Elizabeth places a silver-gilt fillet on her wavy hair.

Queen Elizabeth, still accompanied by ladies-in-waiting and bishops, bows low to her lord and takes a throne a little below his. After communion and the *Te Deum* intoned by the youngsters of Westminster School, the royal pair adjourn to St. Edward's Chapel, change their crowns and don purple velvet and ermine robes for their triumphal drive, in a fairy-like coach, past cheering subjects.

Food—Outside, in $250 stands, men and women may have lunched and sipped champagne during the ceremony; in the Abbey, peeresses may have nibbled from velvet lunch-bags concealed in their robes and the King may have stopped for a snack at the bar set up for him in an anteroom.

But for all the ballyhoo, democratic Britain's Coronation ceremony remains the twentieth century's outstanding survival of a medieval pageant of patriotism ennobled by religion.

In all the towns of Britain, celebrations mark the holiday. Speeches, church services and parades stretch the length of the island. Some one has estimated that more than 500,000 boxes of chocolates, with likenesses of King and Queen on the cover, go to children as souvenirs.

Punch, in an issue almost entirely devoted to the humor of provincial observances, depicted a lord mayor's wife whispering to her bedecked spouse:

"And don't forget, dear, to mention the Empire."

For the great London show, the cost stood at $2,270,000—against Queen Victoria's "Penny Coronation" ninety-nine years ago, when the good little Queen kept expenses down to $350,000. Part of this year's investment may be charged against the Government's determination to make it the greatest show in history, as if to smother in its gorgeousness the memory of that other King for whom the preparations were begun a year ago.

At any rate, the captious could not complain that it was bad business. For from the expected 227,500 visitors—including 22,500 Americans—Britain hoped to collect $135,000,000.

TWOSOME: Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Simpson Dodge Photographers at Chateau

"It's great to be a free man."

Within an hour after Mrs. Wallis Simpson's divorce decree became final, the Duke of Windsor, fired by her "Hurry up!" was dashing gaily from his lakeside retreat for Salzburg, Austria, and the Paris Express. With boyish exuberance he helped porters load his seventeen bags and boxes, including a bunch of *edelweiss* he picked on mountain crags.

"We have never seen him so happy," trainmen said.

Leaving the train at Verneuil l'Etang, near Paris, the Duke motored to the Château of Cande, preceded by motor-cycle policemen and trailed by car-loads of detectives and reporters. Only his host, Charles E. Bedaux, and Herman L. Rogers awaited him on the castle steps, disappointing some 100 photographers and newspaper men armed with field-glasses who had hoped to catch the lovers' classic reunion.

Snoopers—Virtually beleaguered by cameramen who haunted the bushes and by correspondents who took up precarious observation-posts on a railroad-trestle overlooking the estate, the couple tried to carry on their days' activities obscurely. One photographer, appearing outside the south terrace where they were lunching, caused the table to be moved, between courses, to a more protected terrace. Another caught them in an embrace, but detectives destroyed his films.

Once the pair stood on the Château's steps, posing for their besiegers.

"Now let's have a happy picture," one photographer suggested.

"We are always happy," Mrs. Simpson beamed, while the radiant Duke echoed, "Of course. Isn't that evident?"

Again, when they ventured beyond the

H.R.H. the Princess Royal

Viscount Lascelles

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent

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grounds for luncheon, she dashed from the restaurant to her car with a gay "Hello, boys" for the press sleuths.

Guesses—Determined not to steal his brother's show, the London Coronation, the Duke refused to make public his wedding plans, tho Mr. Rogers hinted the ceremony would take place soon after the Coronation. The Duke, it is reported, has composed a wedding-march on the bagpipes—an instrument which his fiancée, a devotee of classical music who used to drag the bored ex-ruler to the opera, despises.

Mainbocher, Chicago-born designer who creates Mrs. Simpson's smartest clothes, revealed details of the wedding-gown—a long afternoon dress of blue silk with matching jacket.

Among the ten trousseau outfits the former Baltimore woman tried on at the Château were knits, plain linens and shantungs, tweeds and a magnificent sable-trimmed white evening wrap.

During the honeymoon the couple will occupy a $1,000 a month "cottage"—with a bath to each bedroom—at Castle Wasserleonburg in the mountains of southern Austria near the Yugoslav border.

The British royal family, it is reported, has arranged to give the Duke's bride a marriage-settlement of $500,000 and agreed to her inheriting $75,000 annually from Queen Victoria's estate in case her husband dies first.

Gifts—Good wishes and wedding-presents poured into the Château.

French secret-service men opened all packages, presumably to prevent the delivery of bombs from Englishmen who cherished less sympathetic sentiments for their former Monarch and his bride. Among the gifts was a cigarette-case rather anonymously engraved "From the Heart of America."

NO ARYANS: Basques Despise Natives Who "Go Foreign," Fight to Death for Liberty

The sole military aim of Basques since human time began has been to bar the world's wars, tribal, racial, religious, imperialistic or civil, from the tiny green mountain-land which was their own before history began.

To Goth and Visigoth, Roman Cæsar and Moorish Sultan, Bonaparte, Hapsburg, now, to Gen. Francisco Franco and his Italian and German allies, they have cried: "Leave us alone. Leave us alone or we fight until we die."

While victory hung on courage, on strength of arm, keenness of eye and readiness to die if dying evened the score with slain invaders, they won.

But against a war of machines raining mass death from the sky and spurting it from lumbering steel hulks below they find mere dying futile.

Their holy city, Guernica, a smoking rubbish-heap, their capital, Bilbao, ordered razed, they roused a world almost numbed by ten months of butchery last week by a struggle to send their women and children to shelter while their men fought to the death.

Who are these Basques?

If the question were put to one of them he probably would answer with pride but without vanity:

"We are the Basques. Who are the rest of you?"

Ancient — Devout, independent, simple, physically splendid and, in the words of Spain's José Ortega y Gasset, "with souls beautiful and strong," the Basque people, never numbering more than 1,000,000, have lived astride the western Pyrenees since long before any of the surrounding races appeared in Europe.

To wring simple, but wholesome, livelihoods from their high four- and five-acre farms, to enjoy their lightning swift dances, the game of pelota or jai alai which they play from childhood to old age, to follow the Catholic faith in their own manner, and to be let alone, is all they ever have asked.

For that they have fought successfully through the ages until now, when mechanized warfare has wrung from Basque President Juan-Antonio Aguirre a radio appeal to the Powers for the rescue of the women and children:

"For the men of the Basque country we ask nothing. We can face the greatest sacrifices with calm.

"I ask the world if it will permit the extinction of a people whose first thoughts have always been for the defense of liberty and democracy."

Independent—No idle boast was President Aguirre's that his race always had fought for freedom—and successfully. As far back as the conquests of the Visigoths, the Basques, or, as they call themselves, the *Eskualdunaks*, have defeated every attempt to dislodge them or to assimilate them into conquered races. To the end of the Spanish Monarchy and thus far through the Republic, they have retained their autonomy.

Never in the Monarchy's strongest days did they acknowledge the King as more than a local "lord." To obtain even that limited recognition every heir to the Spanish Throne had to go, at fourteen, to the Holy Oak, the *Guernikaka Arbolan*, outside Guernica, now demolished, where, surrounded by Basques, he swore a sacred oath to perpetuate the special rights (the *fueros*) of the Basques:

1. Every pure-blooded Basque to be counted as "noble."
2. No Central Government officials except postmen to come among them.
3. No Central Government ever to collect taxes from them. (They accepted a quota for their Provinces, however, and assessed and collected their own taxes.)
4. No Basque ever to be conscripted for the Army.

On the French side of the mountains where, after the French Revolution and because of their smaller numbers, the Basques were "assimilated" under French laws, the assimilation was largely fictional. The French knew better than to apply their laws too literally.

"Clarity"—"Clear-Speaking People" is the translation of *Eskualdunak*, the Basques' name for themselves; but their own legend as to the impenetrability of their language belies the description.

"The devil came to *Eskualaria* (the Basque country) to tempt us," the legend runs, "but when he found he could master only three words of our language he abandoned us to heaven."

Of printed history, the 815,000 living members of the race have almost none, eighteen words on one old manuscript, brief and vague mention in others. Of printed literature, for an expressive race, they have surprizingly little. They always were there, why worry about details?

Outsiders have worried, have discovered that they are related neither to any other living race, nor, so far as any one can determine, to any race that is dead. Outsiders have advanced fantastic theories, not proved, as to their origin, among them that they are survivors of the hypothetical lost continent of *Atlantis*.

Their own assumptions, which they disdain to defend, would have them descended from the original cave-dwellers of their own mountains. In their unique and incredible language are found indications that this may be true.

The only words for modern steel blades are their words for flint. Only words for wealth are their words for herds.

To write their tongue, when they take the trouble, they have no alphabet of their own. But with the Roman alphabet of

Globe

Basques who once danced gaily in the streets now march to militant beat of drums

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twenty-six letters, twenty-one consonants and seven vowels, including the double-purpose of W and Y, they accomplish the miracle of making thirty-eight consonants and thirteen vowels, not to mention diphthongs. Each verb contains within itself all its modifying pronouns and adverbs. Each noun includes its accompanying prepositions and adjectives.

No Basque word may begin with "R."

Without troubling to contend for acknowledgment of the honor, all Basques know who discovered America. They know that long before Christopher Columbus sailed westward their own small fishing-vessels left every spring on six-month voyages and returned laden with codfish, "which never came to European waters to be caught."

They "know" that it was Basque sailors who told an obscure mariner named Columbus he could find land by sailing west and that when he did sail his navigators were two sturdy Basque pilots—brothers, whose names the perfidious Spaniards perverted in the records by very un-Basque nomenclature into "the brothers Pinto."

A Basque in all records was the pilot who led Magellan on his voyage around the world. Since Magellan died in the Philippines, it was the Basque pilot, not Magellan, who first circumnavigated the globe.

Non-Aryan—Of all European races they are the only one to boast of not being Aryan. Aryans are the "foreigners." To "go Aryan," to leave the Basque country and Basque ways for those of the Aryans, is called degeneracy.

Superbly athletic, Basque youths, if they deigned to try, could go far toward making a clean sweep of the Olympic Games; almost certainly, if their pelota players bothered to learn tennis, could take the Davis Cup into the Pyrenees.

But championship tennis involves "going Aryan." One youth did so, was known and admired the Aryan world over as the "Bounding Basque."

Non-Literary — Written literature is regarded as something with which foreigners strain to beautify their imperfect lives. Basques have no need to write their literature.

Whenever they need it they remake it with spoken words.

A favorite sport of rainy days is the poetic duel, in which versifiers improvise and sing quatrains at each other, melodic, satiric debates in rime, debates which may last all day and all night and which end only when one of the contestants yields the victory.

Write and print these quatrains? Nonsense. One always can extemporize again.

A writer has said of this people: "The Basque believes that by the mere fact of his having been born and being a human being he is worth all that it is possible to be worth in the world."

Healthy, freer from disease than any other Europeans, those who remain home marvel "that any one once having seen the Basque country can be content to live anywhere else."

Content to do so or not, many—estimated at 400,000—have gone away, driven by the pressure of population on the tiny farms.

Names—Simon Bolivar, Liberator of South America, was one. In Latin America Basque names abound, unmistakable in their resonance. Basques are the Escobars, the Urrutias, the Estagarribias, Ibarbourous, Ibarbarans, Etcheverrias, Irrogoyens, Ibarras, Uriburus, Etchegarays, Urrubias, Esguerrias and Aguirres, lawyers, writers, generals, Presidents, occasionally dictators, below the Isthmus of Panama.

At home these are not admired when they return covered with wealth and honors.

"If there is anything I hate more than an automobile it is a Basque who has 'gone Aryan,'" is a point of view. The returned exile is looked upon as ridiculous because he is changed.

For politics, statecraft, the notion of nations and governments, except village councils, the *Eskualdunaks* have only amused contempt in peace, have fought like lions to keep them at bay in war.

That there should be drawn through the Basque country a line separating a nation called France from another called Spain they regard as preposterous. They have been signally successful in ignoring it.

Credo—To outwit the border guards, always men from the interior, and to cross the mountains by secret paths at night to trade with brother Basques is almost a religion, and is, at the same time, profitable to thousands, since such trade escapes the "silly" customs duties.

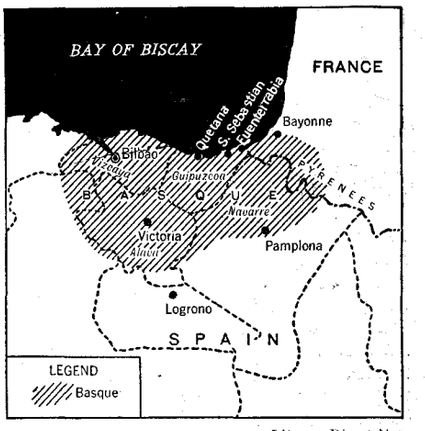
Smuggling, the French and Spanish Governments call it. Armed guards do what they can to limit it, but silks, tobacco and even horses pass from one country to the other every night of the year.

Catching the smugglers often is more costly than letting them go. Under the law, smuggled goods must be held thirty days and sold at auction. A haul of thirty horses nearly ruins a customs station. It has to feed the mounts for thirty days and the Basques attending the sale, all in the conspiracy, refuse to bid against one another. All thirty horses usually are bid in by the original smuggler for $3.

Besieged Bilbao, Capital of the Province of Guipuzcoa, was founded in 1300, eight miles from the sea at the end of the gorge of the Nervion; it was named by the Spanish *Belvao* (the fine ford). To the *Eskualdunaks* it has always been *Ibaizabel* (Under the Hill). Long before Toledo blades were famed, Bilbao swords were celebrated and in Shakespeare's time the very word for an imported sword was "bilbo."

Iron-mines behind the city and ocean trade have made it a city of 175,000, raised now to 400,000 by the influx of refugees driven from the hills.

Cut off from the mountain farms, partially blockaded by sea and threatened with systematic destruction by both explosive and incendiary bombs, to say nothing of mechanized artillery from Germany and Italy, the Basques under President Aguirre have been defending themselves with machine-guns and rifles.



Literary Digest Map

"Eskualaria" . . . the Basque country

HAND-SHAKE: Baron and Blacksmith's Son Warily Discuss German-Italian Accord

Two decades ago the well-groomed, nobly-born Baron Konstantin von Neurath would have disdained shaking hands, much less exchanging confidences, with the Socialist son of an Italian blacksmith, whose only title to fame then was that of being the militant editor of a radical newspaper.

Last week it was *Il Duce*, son of the aforesaid blacksmith, who forgot his habitual posturing and condescended to thresh out Europe's most ticklish problems with Nazi Germany's one-time Ambassador to Rome, now Adolf Hitler's Foreign Minister.

Il Duce looked chipper and relaxed as he renewed his friendship with the Baron in his huge office at the Palazzo Venezia. Their only companion in the soundproofed,* dimly lighted office was Premier Mussolini's son-in-law, No. 1 confidant and Foreign Minister—Count Galeazzo Ciano.

For the past few months, Count Ciano —elegant, witty, nobly-born—had been hobnobbing with statesmen in various foreign Capitals, anxious to cinch his father-in-law's Rome-Berlin axis by friendly ties with wary Danubian States. In Berlin, especially, he was warmly welcomed into the bosom of his fellow authoritarians.

Guesses—Curious newspaper men found it hard to glean first-hand information on the conversations and had to content themselves with speculating on the brief *communiqué* which stated that the conferees "confirmed again the close parallel on interests and identity of purpose between their two countries" and "reaffirmed the two Governments' determination to continue to follow a common policy in all major questions on the basis and in the spirit" of previous agreements.

Later Baron von Neurath told newspaper men that all European problems were discussed, tho political circles knew that, besides Spain, the Danubian chess-board received the closest attention.

Once more reaffirmed, the new-born *rapprochement* between Mussolini and Hitler really sprang up when an irked *Il Duce* denounced the sanctions invoked against him in the Ethiopian conflict and turned away from the League of Nations. Likewise disgusted with Geneva, Hitler found much in common with his fellow dictator. When Spain's civil war flared up last year, they made that peninsula the battle-ground for the struggle of dictatorship against the "red menace." Quickly they reenforced the Fascist Spanish Rebels with war material and "volunteers."

Shrewdly, however, *Der Fuehrer* let

* The story goes that von Neurath always travels with a detective who examines diplomatic premises, especially the room where negotiations take place, for secret microphones.

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Mussolini carry the heavier end of the Spanish burden, for to Fascist Italy a republican Spain would mean another stronghold and a possible ally for the British-French-Soviet bloc—a check on Rome's Mediterranean ambitions right under the shadow of Gibraltar. What was, at first, a successful Rebel campaign later became another Caporetto at the Guadalajara front, tho German military prestige remained intact. Only Britain's decision to rearm on a gigantic scale subdued Italy's insistence on blocking international efforts at non-intervention.

Thenceforth both *Il Duce* and *Der Fuehrer* became more cautious. Finding it hard to devise a face-saving formula, they kept up a nonchalant effort in aid of the Spanish Rebels. At the same time they turned their eyes to Central Europe, especially the Danubian States.

Three years ago Mussolini had signed the so-called Roman Protocols with his Danubian protégés—Austria and Hungary—to cement Italy's politico-economic bonds with them. The move in reality helped Italy exercise a kind of condominium over the two States. Meanwhile, Austria's Nazis were feathering their nest with Berlin's clandestine aid. But the Vienna dictatorship managed to repress the *Anschluss* (union with Germany) movement with the assistance of Rome, which likewise frowned, temporarily at least, at Hapsburg restoration.

Expansion—All this time Hitler's *Drang nach Oesten* (drive eastward) policy was making itself more tangible along pre-War lines. Germany had to find markets for her manufactures and buy, with the proceeds, the raw products of the Balkans. But Austria stood in the way, while adjacent Czechoslovakia continued on most friendly terms with the dictator's traditional enemies—France and Russia. Nazis got busy and fomented Czechoslovakia's 3,231,718 *Sudeten Deutsch* (German minority) to demand more equitable representation and form similar organizations in the midst of the country's jealously guarded democracy.

France had foreseen this eventuality and provided against it by sponsoring, in 1921, the Little Entente (Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania), whose members feared a revision of their boundaries in case of a Hapsburg return. Meanwhile, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece and Turkey found it necessary for their common good to join in a Balkan Entente, also dead set against "revision." Bulgaria stayed out of all entanglements, leaning heavily on Italian friendship, like Albania.

Universal Newsreel from Globe

Von Neurath pleased after talk with Mussolini on ticklish issues

But Mussolini's defiance of the League raised his stock among the Balkan peoples, who admire a show of strength. The Little Entente began to waver and grow cool toward France. Rumania threw off her veteran Francophile Foreign Minister —Nicholas Titulescu—and there ensued a bitter struggle between her Fascist Iron Guard and the democratic forces, who urged caution.

Friends — Yugoslavia, which sells more goods to Italy than any other nation, bowed to the exhortations of its German friends and recently signed a treaty of friendship with Count Ciano.

Most loyal to Mussolini and the fast-towering Rome-Berlin axis was Hungary, tho Austria began to grow restive and feel insulted at Italy's veiled assertions of suzerainty. But Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg, knowing that at heart Italians hated to see German arms pointed at the Brenner Pass, a fortnight ago sought *Il Duce* in Venice and vainly tried to get his promise to defend Austria against *Anschluss* efforts.

Il Duce was cool and impatient. Instead of the accustomed cordiality, his "unofficial" spokesman, Virginio Gayda, wrote in the *Giornale d'Italia* that the Austrian Chancellor had better come to terms with the Reich and appoint a Nazi Minister in his Cabinet. The Austrian press became so indignant that Schuschnigg was forced to deny Italian domination and let it be known that the return of the Hapsburg monarchy was an issue for the Austrian people alone to determine.

Hisses—The innuendo was keenly felt in Berlin, which considers Hapsburg restoration a blow to *Anschluss* hopes. Fresh in Nazi memory, moreover, was the mixed welcome given von Neurath in Vienna.

Berlin, like Rome, knew that the wily, laconic Chancellor was using the double-barreled threat of restoration and *Anschluss* against his nominal allies, while his ambassadors in Prague and Poland were secretly negotiating possible agreements.

Topics of the day

SKY HORROR: As It Crashed, Zeppelin Dealt Side-Wipe to Air-Ship Enthusiasts' Hopes

A puff of flame, deep, rumbling explosions, in a few fatal seconds the *Hindenburg*, world's greatest air-ship, had been transformed from the ultimate in aerial luxury to a blazing death-trap, floating slowly down on the Lakehurst, New Jersey, field.

Commercial aviation, groggy from a winter of serious accidents, gasped as the news flashed on wires and air-waves last week. Air-ship men, even in Germany, at once admitted there could be no more passenger-flying in hydrogen-filled ships. The United States, with the world's only supply of non-inflammable helium gas, at a stroke of fate became arbiter of the future of lighter-than-air commercial flying.

Despite the disaster, first in which a commercial air-ship passenger has lost his life, the German Government and the Zeppelin company plan to continue construction of commercial dirigibles, but helium they must have.

Inquiries—Investigation was placed primarily in the hands of the Department of Commerce, with the Army, Navy, United States Senate and State of New Jersey cooperating.

Racing across the Atlantic came a committee of German experts, headed by Dr. Hugo Eckener, No. 1 Zeppelinist of the world, builder and first commander of the *Hindenburg*, to aid the inquiries.

The *Hindenburg* fire was the climax to a series of air accidents in this country which has shocked the nation, staggered commercial air operators.

No one believes air transport will stop, or even be checked. It is here to stay. But there is a general expectation of tighter safety rules, more gadgets, improvements all along the line.

Perhaps the worst stricken group in the country last week, apart from families of victims, was the little band of lighter-than-air enthusiasts who have fought consistently for American dirigibles.

Their first blow came when the British-built, American-bought *ZR-2* went to pieces in England on a test flight in 1921. Forty-two died, many American naval men. A year later, the Italian-built, Army-bought *Roma* crashed off Hampton Roads, killing thirty-four.

Heroism—Enthusiasts weathered the storm. Germany flew here the Zeppelin *LZ-126*, delivered it as War-spoil. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge christened her *Los Angeles*. To-day, after 200,000 miles, 4,000 hours of flight, she is hangared at Lakehurst, decommissioned as too old. She is the only big, rigid dirigible America ever owned which has not crashed.

First American-built ship, the Navy's *Shenandoah*, crashed in a gale over Caldwell, Ohio, on September 4, 1925. Fourteen died.

The Navy tried again, German experts came over, Goodyear-Zeppelin of Akron, Ohio, built U. S. S. *Akron*, twice as large as previous ships. She took the air, "pride of the Navy," crashed in an electrical storm near Barnegat Light-Ship off the New Jersey Coast on April 4, 1933. Three of her crew of seventy-six survived.

The Navy and Goodyear-Zeppelin retorted to fate with the *Macon*, improved model of the *Akron*. On February 12, 1934, she buckled at the stern, crashed into the sea off Point Sur, California, when maneuvering with the fleet. The cost was lighter—but two of her eighty-three men died.

Official thumbs went down. "No more dirigibles" was the watchword. Britain had quit after the loss of the *R-101* near Beauvais, France, on October 4, 1930, when forty-six, including the Air Minister and many high officers, perished.

France had given up after the mystery

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disappearance of the *Dixmude*, presumably destroyed by lightning over the Mediterranean, on December 21, 1923.

If blood was the price of dirigibles, we in the United States felt we had paid in full.

No Quitters—But the enthusiasts did not quit. Globe-girdling, ocean-crossing feats of the famous *Graf Zeppelin* from 1928 on; those of the record-breaking-and-making *Hindenburg* were their stock in trade. We could do what the Germans could, they cried.

Nor are they quitting now. Wires Enthusiast John M. O'Connell, Rhode Island Representative and leader of the L.T.A. bloc:

"Loss of the *Hindenburg* should not delay construction of dirigibles in the United States, which nature has endowed with a great supply (24,000,000 cubic feet yearly) of non-explosive, non-inflammable helium."

Until the Lakehurst tragedy, the Germans, who invented and perfected dirigibles, persevering ever since Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, retired general, took out patent No. 98,580 on August 31, 1895, had been the only people who were lucky with the great gas-bags.

First believing the reports last week a monstrous hoax, the German Government, through its official news-agency, finally admitted:

". . . The German people . . . has not been spared the disaster which befell other nations."

Coming from the Paul Kimball Hospital in Lakewood, New Jersey, where he had talked with burned and blackened men, writhing beneath their bandages, members of the air-liner's crew, German Ambassador Hans Luther told reporters:

"Every man capable of talking has expressed undying faith in lighter-than-air craft."

Frightfully burned, Capt. Ernst Lehmann (died May 8), skipper emeritus of the *Hindenburg*, staggered from the inferno mumbling:

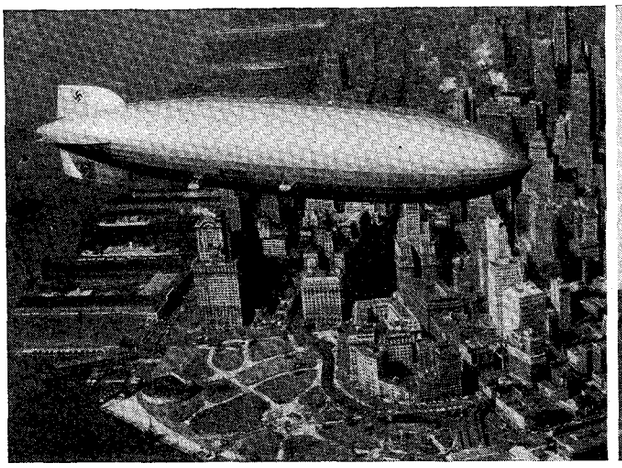
"I can't understand it! I can't understand it!"

Causes—Two immediate theories were advanced. First: Electrically charged raindrops, plus static in the ship, caused a spark when a wet landing-line grounded. Second: That back-fire or exhaust from a rear motor fired valved-off hydrogen. Diesel motor exhaust is sometimes rich in incandescent carbon.

A further theory, set forth by Prof. Otto Stern, eminent atomic physicist of Carnegie Tech, closely associated with the Zeppelin works before his exile from the Third Reich, blames the proton of the hydrogen atom. Professor Stern called the accident inevitable sooner or later, wondered that it had not occurred sooner.

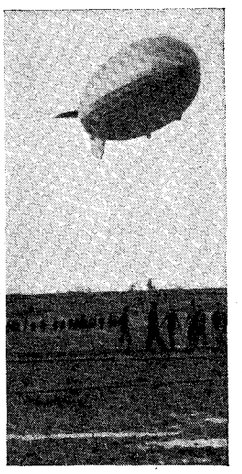
Hydrogen protons carry positive electrical charges, while the outer shell of the atom, the electron, carries a negative charge. They offset each other. When there is hydrogen leakage under pressure, many protons lose their electron-shells, charge around like maddened creatures seeking new ones, cause spontaneous combustion.

To-day the United States has one major producing helium-field near Amarillo, Texas, owned by the Department of the Interior. None can be sold commercially or exported without approval of the President and the War, Navy and Interior Secretaries. There is another untapped



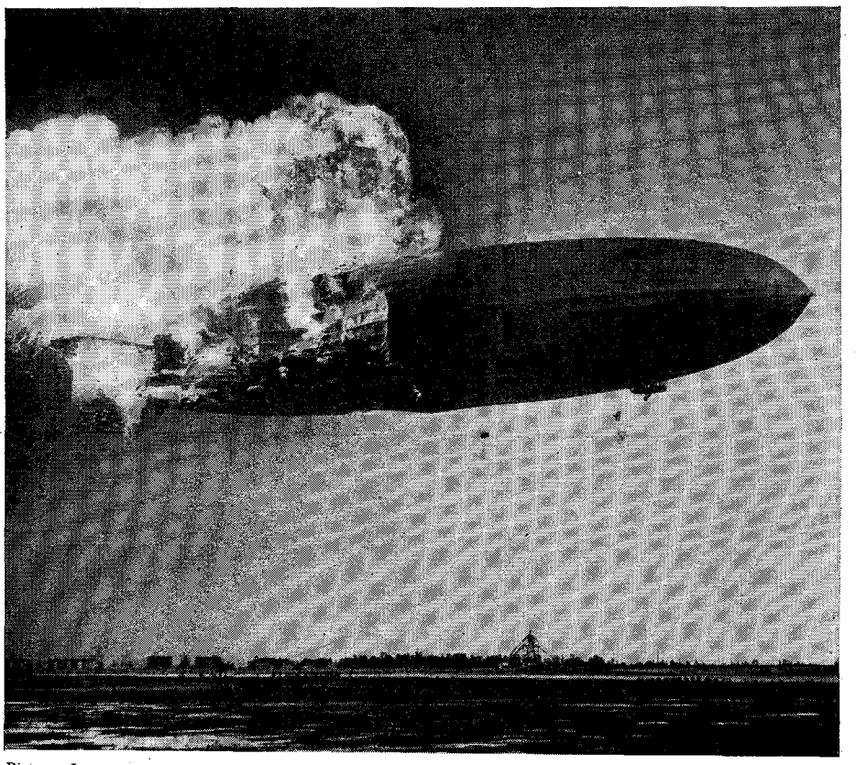
International News

The Hindenburg soars over New York on its arrival from Germany in the first of a scheduled season of oversea flights



Associated Press

. . . and hovers over field at Lakehurst

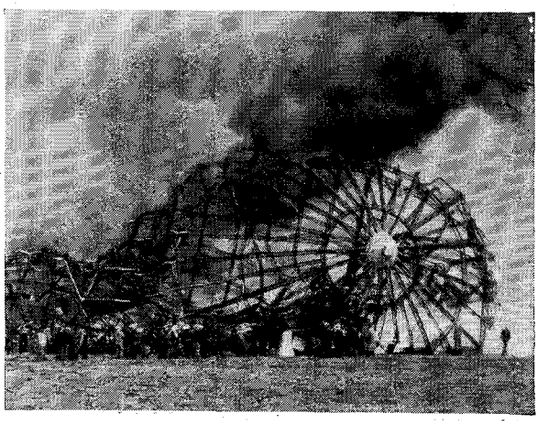


Pictures, Inc.

. . . bursts into flames as press cameras are trained upon it . . . about to be lowered and anchored at hangar

Associated Press

. . . dives to the Field with load of passengers



Acme

. . . burns to a skeleton as latest in long series of tragedies to lighter-than-air craft

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field in Utah, there are a few elsewhere. One small private company has a negligible production.

Helium—The future of lighter-than-aircraft depends upon helium.

And we have all the helium.

Discounting minor accidents, there have been ten major air crashes involving considerable loss of life on regularly scheduled flights in the United States since January 1, 1936. Ninety-three air-minded individuals perished, including fliers and hostesses.

The record of the Bureau of Air Commerce (recently completely reorganized at the top) shows the decreasing safety factor in American commercial flying. Bad luck and faulty piloting were major causes.

From July 1 to December 31, 1936, commercial lines flew 1,826,254 miles for each passenger death. But in the same period in 1935 the record was 2,794,383 miles for one death. In 1936, domestic air-lines carried 1,020,931 passengers a total of 63,777,226 miles.

In the sixteen months from January 1, 1936, to May 1, 1937, air-lines killed an average of 5.8 persons a month.

As for other forms of travel in the 180 months between January 1, 1920, and December 31, 1934, an average of twenty-eight persons a month perished in major sea disasters to commercial ships! And when railroads in this country were as old commercially as aviation to-day, persons used to make their wills and settle their affairs before undertaking any considerable journey by rail—accident statistics fully justified them.

FRANTIC STARS: To Strike or Not to Strike, That Became a Moving Question

Hollywood surprized itself last week with something altogether new.

Clatter-clatter from Vine Street down "the Boulevard" to Highland Avenue and then off in all directions went a sacred tradition.

You're not supposed to talk about anything but "pictures" in Southern California's supercolossal kingdom of make-believe. But, all of a sudden, there were rumbles of labor troubles, strikes and picketing.

Come now—this is Hollywood—such things don't happen here, ruminated heliophiles. Yes—of course, we've heard about unions, nodded cigar-puffing movie-magnates—but this is Hollywood—we don't go in for that sort of thing out here. We have contracts with the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees.

We signed that agreement a few years ago—it's a sort of a weapon we have. Strikes are outlawed.

In Hollywood, only the exiled *intelligentsia* talk about labor troubles, the plight of the human race and the like. This you have to do over champagne and caviar in the sanctity of your own twenty-eight-room mansion, complete with swimming-pool, tennis-courts and garages for three cars. But, to come right out and put alcoholically stimulated thoughts into action—no, no, no. Much better way to solve the world's ills is to try another variation of "Boy Meets Girl" with *John Blue-Eyes* making love to *Susy Roundface*.

Small wonder, then, that drowsy movie-workers were surprized one morning to find picketing in progress at several studios. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer salesmen from various parts of the country convening at the Culver City studios were reminded of home when they saw the pickets. But the company officials winced at such an unscheduled display.

Since way back in 1913, the motion-picture industry has been called "the craziest business in the country." It has made blunders no other business would dare, and gotten by. It has almost gone bankrupt on several occasions, always emerged flush with the public's money. In the same way, labor relations between workers and employers have been out of gear with other industries.

Annually 28,000 persons draw $78,000,000 from the movies. Hundreds earn from $20,000 to $500,000 a year. But thousands of extras and small-salary people manage to eke out only the barest existence.

Pictures, Inc.

Screen satellites continued to report for work . . . had to pass police inspection

Labor's Losses—The cinema producers always have won so far in labor disputes. The initial threat of labor trouble was squelched easily in 1921. Eight years later, in the summer of 1929, it cost Actors' Equity more than $500,000 to learn to its sorrow that the film-players could not be organized from New York. In 1933 the Screen Actors' Guild was organized in Hollywood; to-day it has 4,000 members. Last week as many as twenty new applications came in daily.

Cause of the most recent labor disturbance was the strike of eleven unions of the Federated Motion Picture Crafts. But the strikers realized their efforts would be of small use if they couldn't get the Screen Actors' Guild to strike as well.

The Guild has statistics showing that last year 50 per cent. of the actors, excluding extras, earned less than $2,000. The Guild wants a minimum of $25 daily for "bit" players—those who speak from one to 100 lines. And a $5 minimum for extras. In the ranks of the "bit" players are many former stars who once earned $1,000 to $3,000 weekly.

As tension mounted daily in Hollywood last week, violence broke out in several quarters—the two sides marshaled forces.

Finally, the Screen Actors' Guild held its long-awaited annual meeting. To strike or not to strike—all Hollywood waited. Eventually the news was flashed. Nearly all the producers granted the closed shop; the actors would not strike.

G.O.P. IS G.O.P.: Talk of Republican Reorganization Finds Leaders Not in Agreement

The sole asset with which the Republican Party emerged from the ballot blizzard of 1936 was an impressive total of 16,681,913 Americans who voted to toss the New Deal out of Washington without pausing to ask questions. Last week there was open discussion, for the first time since November, of the uses to which this property might be put to realize the best possible anti-Roosevelt return in the midyear elections of 1938.

Behind gossip emanating from the National Capital and political nerve-center as to the future status of the Grand Old Party and future attacks on the New Deal Administration lay two significant events:

1. The radio broadcast two weeks ago by John D. M. Hamilton, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, in which he announced officially that his Party would serve as Democracy's "loyal opposition" until it had completed preparations for a political comeback.

2. The fight over the President's Court-enlargement proposal—a struggle which, according to the majority of observers, has neatly divided the ranks of the Democratic Party.

As a direct result of the Hamilton speech, Washington buzzed last week over a juicy rumor. Sen. William E. Borah, who exactly a year ago was tramping up and down the land in a one-man battle against the "reactionary old guard" which he declared was leading the G.O.P. to ruin, was said to be organizing fellow insurgents in his Party, such as Sen. Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, on behalf of a sweeping reorganization of Republicanism.

It was whispered that this group wanted not merely the removal of Chairman Hamilton, but the establishment of an entirely new, "liberalized" national organization. The nucleus of such a reform movement, obviously, would be the 16,681,913 who revealed by their ballots last year that they would feel more kindly toward the New Deal if it were an unpleasant chapter in American history rather than an accomplished fact.

Advice—The growth of an Opposition bloc of Democrats in the battle over judicial reorganization has inspired other Republican oracles to make suggestions for the use of the pro-Landonites of last year. Six weeks ago Columnist Mark Sullivan began urging Republicans to look with a kindly eye upon those conservative Democrats of House and Senate who are against the Court-enlargement program and who face campaigns for reelection next year. He suggested that normally

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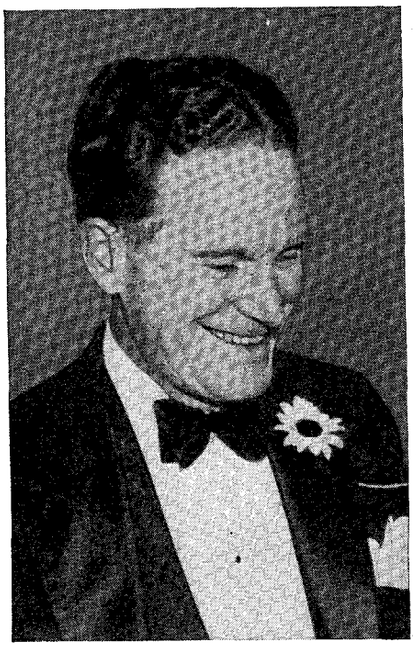

Acme

Chairman Hamilton calls G.O.P. Democracy's "Loyal Opposition"

Republican voters go into the Democratic primaries next year in support of Opposition Democrats.

"Against the suggestion," he admitted, "several points are made. It is argued that if in any State all the Republicans should go into the Democratic primary, the Republican Party in that State would thereby disappear. . . . But if in eight States or less next year Republicans go into Democratic primaries, does it follow that the Republican Party disappears nationally? Hardly.

"For one reason, not all the Republican voters will take this course. Even in States where Republican leaders recommend the course, even where more than half the Republican voters follow it, there will remain in the primaries enough Republicans to preserve the Party organization. This will be seen to by small local leaders who are not interested in the United States Senatorship, but are very much interested in having a Republican ticket for sheriff and constable."

Switch—Many a stanch Republican has advocated in recent months that Sullivan's idea be carried a step further—to the reorganization of the Republican Party under a new name. Senator Borah favors this (because he feels that it is the only method of enticing old-school Democrats of the South away from the New Deal), but the average Republican does not want the transformation to take place under the egis of this mercurial insurgent. He would prefer to follow some one of more certain temperament.

To letters suggesting that the National Committee make the first move toward rebaptizing the G.O.P., Mr. Hamilton sends replies similar to the following:

"Your letter assumes, as do most of those which I have received, that if the Republican leadership were to announce a change in name or a broadening of their leadership, that the Republican Party would then go out of existence. This is in error. In at least twenty of the States lying north of the Mason and Dixon Line, the Republican Party is recognized by law as a political entity, and if I to-day were to resign as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, close up its headquarters and declare a liquidation of my Party, it would in no way affect the Party status in the States to which I refer. . . .

"There is another situation to which I think you do not give necessary weight. In many of the States which went predominantly Democratic this time, there is still a majority of Republicans holding local offices. . . . Are you going to be able to say to the County Attorney, for instance, of Tippecanoe County, Indiana, who was elected as a Republican by a vote of seven to one, that he should give up the Party which returned him to office, simply that we might attempt to reorganize nationally? If you do, he is going to tell you . . . that he is perfectly satisfied to be a Republican, to run as a Republican and to hold office as a Republican and you have no way of requiring him to change his Party affiliation. . . ."

Talk—Practical considerations such as these prevented G.O.P. reorganization from progressing farther than the discussion stage. Nothing more definite was advanced than a trial-balloon suggestion from Senator Nye to the effect that "it might be feasible to hold a series of sectional meetings this fall in preparation for a national convention in the winter, at which time action could be taken."

Said Senator Borah: "So long as the Court problem is before us I am not in the least interested in the Party situation."

Rep. Hamilton Fish of New York, who last fall was in favor of throwing the entire Republican National Committee out of office and rebuilding the Party from the ground up, made the cautious comment:

"I see no possibility at the present time of a permanent alliance between conservative Democrats and Republicans and do not believe that there should be any discussion of changing the name of the Republican Party until after the Congressional elections in 1938. The Party should liberalize and humanize its leadership and policies and infuse new blood into the organization by giving proper recognition to the younger Republicans in the Party management."

One "younger Republican," J. Kenneth Bradley, President of the National Federation of Young Republican Clubs, thought a fusion of conservative Democrats and Republicans possible "provided it does not require the abandonment of the existing Republican organization."

Summed up sage William Allen White: "It is too early to make alinements for 1940."

ROMAN HOLIDAY: Do Legislators Play Leap-Frog? Gracious, No! Well, Hardly Ever

Tho three weeks have passed since the tired members of the Delaware State Assembly straggled out of the gray-paneled chamber at Dover in which their august deliberations are held, the eminent gentlemen are said to be still without dependable information as to what they did and what they left undone in that historic all-night closing session.

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. . . but Senator Borah thinks political strategy requires a change of name

They have searched their memories, have taken counsel together, have inquired among spectators, yet they simply can not determine, with any assurance of accuracy, whether or not they passed that $7,000,000 school-appropriations bill about which every one has been talking. The Assemblymen remember distinctly that there was such a bill, that they amended it, sent it to the Senate. They even know that the Senate killed their amendment, added one of its own, shot the bill back to the House. There certainty ends, ambiguity begins.

Some members declare positively the Assembly passed it; others insist it never came to a vote; still others prefer not to discuss the matter. Just to make sure that Delaware schools have funds to operate during the next two years, however, Assemblymen will meet next week (May 18) in special session at their own expense to vote the necessary appropriation.

Perhaps the decision to ask no pay for their extra labor was inspired by the comment of white-haired Gov. Richard Cann McMullen, who likes to stroll hatless about the State-House grounds to relieve heavy pressure of State business. The kindly Governor described the lawmakers' lapse of memory as "an error." He said: "An error like that should be corrected without its costing the State of Delaware a cent."

Concurrence—Governor McMullen's attitude was shared by the Wilmington *Morning News*, which declared timorously that since it "seems necessary for the members of the Legislature to reconvene to correct errors in important legislation, which obviously resulted from the congestion and confusion at the close of the recent session—a situation for which the Legislature is itself responsible—the members should be willing to comply with the request of Governor McMullen that they serve without pay."

In appraising the cause of the Legislature's failure to provide school-funds, the slightly more realistic Philadelphia *Inquirer* observed that:

"To any one who has witnessed the

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closing hours of a State Legislature's session, with clocks turned back, with exhausted members giving listless attention to the last-minute rush of bills, with the celebration attendant upon adjournment preceding the final tap of the gavel, the mystery of the forgotten school appropriations will not seem too incomprehensible."

Harshness—It remained for Westbrook Pegler to sweep aside delicacies that restrained more conservative commentators. In the Scripps-Howard papers he proceeded to the heart of the matter in robustious language. He wrote:

"Between the lines of a dispatch from Wilmington it appears that some of the statesmen of the Delaware House of Representatives got pie-eyed on the closing night of this year's session and probably forgot to appropriate the money to run the public schools for the next two years.

"The item speaks of boisterousness in the chamber on that night and boisterousness in American legislative bodies on getaway night usually amounts to a souse-party. . . . Legislators are almost alone in their right to get plastered while on public duty, for bureau people, policemen, the Army and Navy, letter-carriers and, nominally, even judges, are supposed to keep sober during business hours, under penalty.

"As to judges, of course, the discipline is less strict, and the honorable court usually is deemed fit for duty if he doesn't fall off the bench."

An inquiry into the nature of festivities associated with "closing night" in American Legislatures by both Mr. Pegler and the Philadelphia *Inquirer* reveals that playboy lawmakers have no stancher friends than the men in the press-galleries. Most of them insist that final nights are tame affairs, entirely in consonance with legislative dignity.

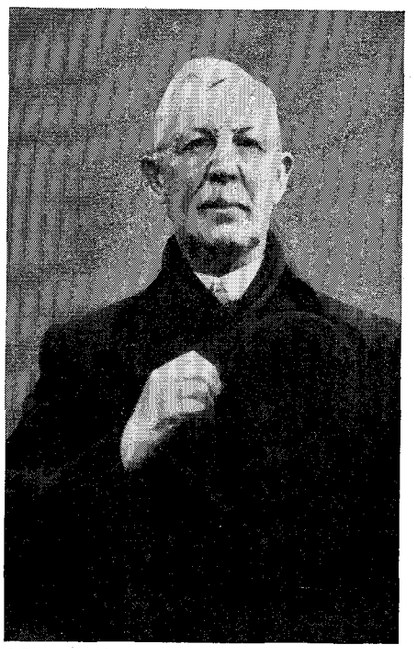
A correspondent at Dover, for instance, wired that "reports of hilarity at the all-night session of the Delaware Legislature have been greatly exaggerated." It was true, he confessed when pressed for details, that proceedings of the Assembly were "muddled by soporific members sleeping at their desks," but he added in palliation that they voted promptly as soon as they were awakened. Compared with past all-night closing sessions, this one was distinctly dull, he said.

A large gallery was present, expecting hot debate throughout the night, but "was disappointed by the sight of the solons sleeping at their desks." The correspondent also disclosed reluctantly that twice during the night the lights were switched off to afford "greater sleeping convenience." He mentioned casually that at 4 A.M. the lawmakers were roused to stirring enthusiasm by the departure of a prominent member of the Upper House, who had to catch a train for New York. They joined in a procession through the streets of Dover, escorted him to the railroad station, dispersed, went home. Nothing really exciting.

No Fun?—Thus, too, a Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, correspondent solemnly gave assurance that not within the memory of the oldest man in the press-gallery was there an occasion in his State "when celebrations or horse-play delayed *sine die* adjournment of the Legislature." To be sure, sometimes a little fun creeps in unwittingly: "During the interval between the time the last conference committees cease deliberations and copies of the compromises are returned by the printer, House members frequently imbibe, throw journals and heavy bills, engage in humorous debates on non-existent issues, sing in quartettes, sextettes and glee-club groups, scuffle, yell, set off firecrackers, pass out explosive cigars, *etc.*"

But that is all. No horse-play or lack of decorum.

As at Harrisburg, so at Albany, New York. Last-night orgies are frowned upon. They never take place—what, never? Well, hardly ever. It is true that in the closing hours of the 1935 session, while Governor Lehman and leaders sought to iron out last-minute differences, a prominent and wealthy Assemblyman brought a hand-organ into the Chamber. He began to play. Instantly, Assemblymen sprang to their feet, sang a lusty accompaniment. Then they paraded through the corridors



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Governor McMullen suggests that Delaware lawmakers recover "lapse of memory" at their own expense

in snake-like fashion, the affluent organ-grinder at the head.

Arriving at Governor Lehman's office, they asked no leave, unceremoniously pushed open the door, marched round the room. Governor Lehman, seeing an organ-grinder, by force of habit fumbled in his pocket for small change, found none, borrowed a quarter, gave it to the musician. Assemblymen cheered the Governor's munificence, continued to march about the Capitol, ended in an informal dance on top of desks pushed together to form a makeshift stage. Orgies? Goodness, no. They don't have orgies at Albany.

Apparently it is only at Trenton, New Jersey, that things are named appropriately. There, Legislators observe ancient tradition. It is called "Annual Fun Night" and is held during the last week of a session. At that, it may be a misnomer. Back in 1929, one of the more exuberant members from Middlesex climbed into the balcony of the Assembly Chamber, poured a pitcher of ice-water on the head of a distinguished member from Somerset. This was the signal for annual waste-basket and bill-ledger tossing.

When the fun was over, several members had black eyes, others swollen jaws, one honorable gentleman's hat reposed in a crystal chandelier high above Legislators' heads. Nothing like one of Jersey's "Annual Fun Nights" to start a riot.

ALL WET: Liquor Survey Shows Varying Degrees of Enforcement; Drinks in All States

When dry-as-dust Kansas recently dropped absolute prohibition in favor of legalized 3.2 per cent. beer, thus kicking almost the last brick from under the crumbling wall of the once-powerful drys, THE LITERARY DIGEST decided to make a survey of just how far this drinking business had gone since that summer in the first Roosevelt term when one rousing State after another decreed death for the Eighteenth Amendment.

The results were illuminating. The earnest drinker may travel from coast to coast and find just about every type of liquor control. He will find enforcement of those controls ranging from hard-boiled rigidity to gross laxity. But, everywhere he will find liquor.

Even in States which retain constitutional prohibition—and there are a few—various legal fictions get around it. Tho Kansas has legalized 3.2 beer, it is bone-dry as to spirituous liquor, yet any one who denied that there was considerable crooking of the elbow would be laughed out of the State.

Mississippi, Oklahoma and Tennessee are others which are dry constitutionally, not actually, while at the other extreme of the control picture there is Nevada, where anything goes.

Trends—Despite all this, THE DIGEST'S survey, drawing upon officials, prohibition organizers, national and individual press sources for information, shows some definite trends, despite confusion. About sixty experienced reporters, familiar with local conditions throughout the country, assisted in gathering information.

Most important is a revival of dry sentiment, fanned by the Anti-Saloon League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, insufficient yet to hope for more than local option where it does not exist, work for option elections where it does, carry on educational campaigns.

Generally speaking, majorities in most States are reasonably satisfied with their liquor laws—which doesn't prevent fairly consistent and large-scale violations of them almost everywhere.

Where bootlegging hasn't virtually disappeared it has dropped to the scale of small-time business.

Evidence of this is shown by the decrease in the Federal Liquor Law Enforcement body from 2,300 strong in 1932 to a low of 1,393 in 1934 and a present membership of 1,431.

There are two general types, both extremes, of control. Twenty-eight States achieve control by varying types of license systems, generally administered by a central State body, altho in many much power is in the hands of city, town and county officials.

Sixteen States make a government monopoly of intoxicants. Many, however,

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issue licenses to clubs, bars, restaurants and hotels to sell liquor for retail consumption. Almost all States differentiate sharply, in regulations, between beer and other intoxicants.

In the four States having constitutional prohibition, beer is sold in all, wine in some.

Experience—Official and non-official statements on results of various control methods differ widely. The former reflect rosy optimism, with the exception of that by E. F. Fruechte, Chief Examiner of the Texas Liquor Control Board, who writes:

"The law regulating the liquor traffic in Texas fell short of its intended and hoped-for results. This conclusion is expressed not in despair, but in the light of experience."

Reports from State Superintendents of the Anti-Saloon League rather naturally stress failures instead of successes. Sometimes problems are approached through varying sets of figures giving different impressions. Indiana control officials point out that drunken-driving charges have dropped from a high of 2,453 in 1929 to 1,872 in 1935.

L. E. York, Superintendent of the A.-S. L. in Indiana, retorts that traffic deaths in the State have risen from 1,196 in 1935 to 1,340 in 1936, that revocations of licenses for drunken driving numbered 838 in 1935 and 1,231 last year.

Wet Town—Oklahoma A.-S. L. officials tell of the town of Bingen (pop. 650) where on one Saturday night a few months ago the town marshal locked up eighteen drunks, filled the town jail to overflowing, sent later offenders home because the hoosegow couldn't hold any more. State officials say the Oklahoma beer law has reduced drunkenness, however.

"The problem of drunkenness and drunken driving is no worse than it was under prohibition," writes Thomas Gass, Chairman of the Nebraska Liquor Control Commission. But Herbert Ford, A.-S. L. Superintendent, declares that in Lincoln (the Capital) arrests for drunkenness have increased 63 per cent., automobile accidents 73 per cent., drunken driving 569 per cent.

Writes an Omaha reporter, thoroughly conversant with conditions:

How the States Regulate Liquor Sales

Alabama	License: County option.
Arizona	License by State and municipalities.
Arkansas	License: State, municipal, local option.
California	License: State Board, hotel, restaurant sale.
Colorado	License: Hotel, restaurant, club sale.
Connecticut	License: Commission, hotels, restaurant sale.
Delaware	License: Monopoly, hotels, restaurant sale; option.
Florida	License: Hotel, restaurant sale; option.
Georgia	Limited license: Beer, Georgia wine; option.
Idaho	Monopoly: Individual permit system.
Illinois	License: Hotels, restaurants, tavern sale; option.
Indiana	License: Hotels, restaurant sale.
Iowa	Monopoly: Beer sold by glass.
Kansas	Recently legalized 3.2 beer as "non-intoxicating."
Kentucky	License: Glass-sale by licensees; option.
Louisiana	License: On-sale and off-sale licenses.
Maine	Monopoly: Hotel and club sale.
Maryland	License and county dispensary system: On-sale.
Massachusetts	License: Hotel, restaurant, club, tavern sale; option.
Michigan	Monopoly: Hotel and restaurant sale; option.
Minnesota	License: Hotel, club, restaurant sale; option.
Mississippi	Prohibition: But 4 per cent. is all right.
Missouri	License: Restaurants, etc., on-sale; option.
Montana	Monopoly: No on-sale except 3.2 permits; option.
Nebraska	License: On-sale where voted for in cities, towns.
Nevada	License: On-sale under local control.
New Hampshire	Monopoly: Hotels and clubs sale; option.
New Jersey	License: Hotel, restaurant, tavern sale; option.
New Mexico	License: Hotel, restaurant, club sale; option.
New York	License: Hotel, restaurant, club, bar sale; option.
North Carolina	Monopoly by counties exempted from dry law.
North Dakota	Prohibition, but 3.2 beer allowed on license.
Ohio	Monopoly: Restaurant, hotel, club sale; option.
Oklahoma	Prohibition but 3.2 beer allowed by license.
Oregon	Monopoly: No on-sale of spirits; permit needed.
Pennsylvania	Monopoly: Hotel, restaurant, club sale; option.
Rhode Island	License: Hotel, restaurant, club, bar sale; option.
South Carolina	License: Dispensary system; beer, wine licenses.
South Dakota	License: Hotel, restaurant, club sale; option.
Tennessee	Prohibition: But 5 per cent. beer is all right.
Texas	License: Beer, wine on-sale licenses; option.
Utah	Monopoly: No on-sale except 3.2 permit system.
Vermont	Monopoly: Hotel, restaurant, club sale; option.
Virginia	Monopoly: On-sale for beer, wine, not spirits; option.
Washington	Monopoly: No on-sale for spirits; permit.
West Virginia	Monopoly: On-sale for beer only; option.
Wisconsin	License: On-sale for spirits, wine, beer; option.
Wyoming	Monopoly (wholesale): On-sale all liquors.
District of Columbia	License: Hotel, restaurant, club on-sale.

"Staid Lincoln, with its dry Mayor Charles Bryan (LITERARY DIGEST, May 8) has the law well-enforced."

Dry Report—Differences of opinion are further complicated by that part of THE DIGEST's survey which was conducted by a staff of news-agency investigators. This places Nebraska in the list of States where enforcement is "rigid."

The survey also places Florida in the list of "fair" enforcement States, with control good in the big cities but poor in the rural districts and dry counties. Here, however, is what a first class Miami reporter thinks about enforcement:

". . . so far as I know, the regulations are mostly reasonable because they generally ain't. The bars and cafés run wide open, tho I believe there's some sort of a regulation that you can't have curtains over the windows or shutters over the doors . . . business is more or less informal and any one who wants to walk along the street and see who's inside can get a pretty good look at the frowziest bunch of blondes between here and Coney Island . . . about the only regulation that is strictly enforced is the little matter of taxes."

As for Minnesota, a St. Paul reporter writes, ". . . . Most enforced and most important of the . . . restrictions . . . is the stamp-tax collection."

Breakdown—Gov. Elmer A. Benson of Minnesota, in his message to the Legislature, said:

"There is no denying that under present liquor laws regulation . . . has broken

Literary Digest Photo by Walter Engel

The nation's bars find female "elbow-benders" on the up-swing . . . is it a product of prohibition or repeal?

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down . . . conditions are now worse than under the old system when we had the saloon."

However, the St. Paul newspaper man points out that the Governor is sponsoring a bill for State dispensaries and his opponents charge he wants the State to get more money from the traffic, provide more jobs for Farmer-Laborites.

Little eccentricities: Women can stand at St. Paul's bars, not at those of Minneapolis; St. Paul bars close on time, in Minneapolis when they've carried out the last patron.

Small-Town Clean-Ups—In two "liberal" States at opposite ends of the country, California and Maryland, conditions are startlingly similar—there is good control-enforcement in the smaller communities, not so good in big centers.

"Baltimore formerly had less than 1,000 saloons," writes G. W. Crabbe, Maryland A.-S. L. boss, ". . . we now have 3,500 places licensed to sell intoxicating beverages."

In very few States does THE DIGEST's press survey show absence of consistent violations. Arizona, Louisiana, Arkansas, Minnesota, New Jersey and Nevada have constant trouble over sales to minors. Non-observance of closing hours is noted in Arkansas, Illinois, Maryland, Minnesota, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, South Carolina, Colorado, Missouri and Michigan.

In Oregon they have some trouble with speakeasies which sell illegally by the drink, when only bottled goods are supposed to be purveyed. In Pennsylvania, delicatessens persist in selling less than half a case of beer at a time. Virtually all States which ban sales "by the drink" have trouble with violations. In Utah, drinkers persist in carrying opened bottles and in Wisconsin, too, much unstamped liquor is sold.

In Nevada, selling to minors is about the only possible violation under the very easy law and that is done.

New England—In Massachusetts, another State with "rigid" enforcement, a reporter writes that conditions generally are good. Hotels and restaurants observe the law so closely ". . . that persons who appear to be under twenty-one are required to prove their age before they can get a drink," but in "hot spots known as 'clubs'" things are very different. The reporter believes police graft makes this possible, saying, ". . . I have no proof, but when lines of taxicabs can wait at 3 and 4 A.M. outside places that are illegally selling liquor . . . well, there's something very rotten in the police department."

The news-agency men who assisted THE DIGEST in its round-up put these States among those where enforcement is rigid: Arizona, Arkansas, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Washington, Wyoming, West Virginia, Colorado, Virginia, Connecticut, Delaware, Nebraska and Michigan.

Enforcement is only "fair" in California, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Minnesota, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Carolina, Utah and Wisconsin.

It is definitely "loose" in Illinois, Louisiana, Mississippi, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Texas, Nevada and Missouri.

That is the record after three and one-half years.

"NOT EVERYBODY CAN GO FISHING"
—Shoemaker in Chicago Daily News

GONE FISHIN': Roosevelt Leaves Congress Behind, Catches Tarpon Off Texas Coast

While short-tempered legislators on Capitol Hill plunged with phenomenal abandon into a political squabble over budget-pruning and Court-reforming last week, the man who ultimately must juggle both these hot potatoes when they come off the legislative fire was preoccupied with nothing more serious than his fisherman's chances of hauling a nice seven- or eight-foot tarpon from the choppy, blue-green waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Presumably, that is, this was the only question on Franklin D. Roosevelt's mind, for he had thrust matters of State aside in favor of a fortnight of trolling off the Texas coast where the big-game fish were running heavily.

Tho Executive Roosevelt and Orator Roosevelt are familiar figures on the American scene, Angler Roosevelt is not so well known—as concerns his actual prowess—as the electorate's acquaintance with this individual is limited to the knowledge that twice yearly he flexes his rods and oils his reels preparatory to heading north to the Bay of Fundy, or south to the Caribbean, and that he once presented a 136-pound sailfish to the Smithsonian Institution.

News—Because the President leaves reporters ashore when he shoves off on a fishing-excursion, a waiting world learns only as much concerning his whereabouts and activity as he cares to broadcast. Thus, last week, a typical radio bulletin from the old Coast Guard cutter *Potomac*, aboard which were Angler Roosevelt, his son Elliott, Capt. Ross McIntire (White House physician), and naval and military aides, announced briefly one afternoon:

Returned after dark this evening. Total catch fourteen tarpon, every one in party contributing. Splendid day's sport. Plans for to-morrow depend upon condition of sea. Every one in fine spirits.*

The last line was superfluous, for friends of the President know that he never is in better spirits than when sitting in the stern of a Navy launch dressed in spotted white-duck trousers, an old shirt and an ancient, floppy Panama, waiting for a greedy marlin to snatch at the lure.

As did Presidents Coolidge and Hoover before him, Roosevelt likes the propaganda value of a fishing-trip. To slip out of Washington for two weeks of fun just when he is supposed to be worrying about a legislative and political "crisis" is tantamount to saying:

"Everything is dandy. I never felt more optimistic."

Sportsman—But Roosevelt is sincere, such ulterior motives notwithstanding, in his love of angling. Last March he started preparing for this particular jaunt. He pored over charts of the Texas coast with the avidity of a mystery-novel fan caught in the grip of the newest murder-yarn and soon was familiar with the best fishing-banks.

It is such concentrated studying that has enabled him to become somewhat of an ichthyologist.

True enough, his knowledge of the various species failed him last year when, in the Bahamas, he pulled in a deep-water fish which neither he nor any one else in his party could identify. Until his return to the Capital, where Smithsonian Institution experts discovered that it was of the amberjack family, he dubbed the catch *sui generis*.

In the matter of snagging finny creatures, Fisherman Roosevelt is no amateur. He has about fifty rods—most of them gifts—and a collection of reels, spoons, hooks, *etc.*, which would make the average sportsman's eyes pop out.

More important, he knows how to use them and asks the help of no one when his line sings out suddenly and a sailfish begins to jump.

Awake at his usual hour, eight o'clock, Angler Roosevelt eats a light breakfast and an hour later is ready to push off from the *Potomac* in the motor-launch, which is equipped with swivel-chairs for Presidential fishing.

Method—Roosevelt dispenses with the shoulder harness which most deep-sea fishermen use, depending for leverage upon a leather socket on the seat of his chair. With the butt of his rod in this socket, he needs only the strength of his thick shoulders and powerful arms to reel in the game. Thus prepared, he guides his party (since he is thoroughly familiar with most of the best-known fishing-grounds he does not always depend on local guides) to the spot he has selected, orders the coxswain of the five-man crew to slow up the motor and begins trolling. At such times he probably is his most democratic self. No one baits his hook or handles his line for him.

The nation's No. 1 Izaak Walton gave a convincing display of his angling ability during his Hawaiian trip two years ago. For two hours and twenty minutes he fought a 136-pound sailfish (the one the Smithsonian Institution got later) off one of the Cocos Islands, landing it without help despite a heavy sea and fierce rushes that carried off as much as 400 yards of line at a time.

Radio flashes from the Gulf of Mexico indicated last week that the President's luck was just fair, his most newsworthy catch at that time being a six-foot silver-king tarpon weighing about 100 pounds.

*Later dispatches conceded President's contribution was one.

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WHEELED NOMADS: HEALTH HAZARDS

250,000 Trailers Frighten State and Local Sanitation Officers

Manna or menace—which is the true interpretation of the Janus-like automobile house-trailer?

With the highway holiday season getting into full swing, this question is furrowing the brows of municipal authorities who must give official ear to: The enterprising tradesman for whom a trailer-camp is a tinkling cash-register; the indignant Boniface who well knows that trailerites rent no hotel rooms; the property-owner who sees a trailer-camp as a threat to realty values.

Local authorities who must decide the degree of hospitality to be accorded "tin-can tourists" are faced with some unprecedented headaches. Their perplexity is complicated by the sudden realization of public-health authorities that the house-trailer at its unregulated worst can offer a distinct hazard to community health.

Inspection—Last week the trailer problem migrated as far north as Cape Cod, where a vanguard of homes on wheels alarmed some officials over a situation with a last-year hold-over. Four trailer-camps near Dennis, Massachusetts, which last season housed a rolling population of 2,000, brought complaints from property-owners that the camps were insanitary and should be closed. Authorities inspected them, issued a clean bill of health. Trailerites accused their defamers of using health-regulations as a discriminatory weapon. In this there was a germ of truth: In most communities, health-ordinances are the only means of control over trailer-camps.

Trailer-travel, with its outdoor life, has restored many an anemic city dweller to buoyant health. Hay-fever victims can roll along to pollen-free communities. Rheumatism, bronchitis and sinus sufferers can often alleviate, but not cure, their ailments by trailing away to warm climates. Nervous disorders often respond miraculously to trailer-therapy. The advantages of trailers are so obvious that they have pretty much concealed the fact that there also is a negative aspect.

Warning—Last month Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service warned State and Territorial health-officers that trailer-tourists did not come under interstate quarantine regulations and must be dealt with as local problems.

In February the United States Conference of Mayors drew up a model ordinance for the regulation of trailer-camps; its principal provisions probably will be followed by most of the communities which are certain to pass legislation.

Already, in Seattle, trailerites are up in arms over a local edict requiring a bath, sink and toilet in each wheeled home. Embattled nomads formed an indignant association to fight for their "rights."

Cooler heads in the trailer industry, realizing that the days of haphazard and care-free trailing are as outmoded as aviation barnstorming, concede that pending legislation is eminently reasonable. Sheer pressure of numbers makes regulation inevitable. An estimated 250,000 trailers were on the road last season; this year's production is calculated at a possible 400,000 units by some 400 manufacturers.

What is the health hazard posed by trailers? Primarily, it is a problem of sanitation. A trailer is not inherently any more insanitary than a house. The whole problem boils down to the fact that no one has yet devised a satisfactory toilet which does not require running water or sewage connections.

Solutions—Many of the new trailers have built-in septic tanks. These contain powerful chemicals which theoretically decompose the contents to water in twenty-four hours. A valve permits discharge of contents to the road at a time when the bacterial content is presumably low. Any form of roadside disposal, however, is frowned upon by health authorities. There always is the possibility of contaminating water-supplies. A typhoid outbreak or two already has been charged to trailers, but not proved definitely. If the septic tank can be hooked up to a municipal sewer and flushed out with clean water, then the sanitation ideal is reached.

Another popular trailer toilet uses a water-proof paper bag which can be sealed, removed and disposed of at intervals. Still another type uses a simple container with deodorizing chemicals, with disposal by burying.

Rules—A code of ethics for trailer-travelers forbids garbage to be chucked out of windows, leaving a melon-rind and orange-peel trail on the highways. The great majority of trailer-owners are substantial citizens with a well-developed social consciousness; only 3 per cent. of highway nomads are without some permanent home. The Trailer Coach Manufacturers' Association, eagerly cooperating with public-health officials, considers sanitary facilities the one big problem to be solved by the industry. The home-built trailer with its haphazard accommodations accounted for 90 per cent. of all trailers on the road three years ago; to-day the percentage has dropped to fifty, as substantial, well designed commercial jobs go into mass-production.

Florida, particularly noted for its trailer-hospitality, has camps which offer running water, sewage connections, electric connections, showers and comfort-stations for its vehicular guests. Northern camps usually are less well equipped, many have no modern plumbing and use community pumps. Some communities, unprepared for the trailer-population rushing in upon them, attempt to meet the problem by banning trailer-camps from the city limits but this merely permits the health hazard to operate at a slightly greater distance.

Protection—Sanitation regulations are the chief provisions of the model ordinance drafted by the Conference of Mayors. Trailer-travelers, it appears, must prepare themselves for a law with real teeth, punishment for violation being a $500 fine or a six-months' sojourn in the nearest county jail. The ordinance provides:

> Camp permit from the city health-officer.
> Running water in trailer-camps supplied from faucets only.
> No drainage of waste-water or material from sinks, baths or other plumbing fixtures in camp-cars or trailers shall be deposited on the surface of the ground. All such fixtures, when in use, must be connected to the city sewer-system or the drainage therefrom be disposed of in a manner satisfactory to the health department.
> Removal of wheels from a trailer will convert it into a dwelling subject to the requirements of the local building code.

Chief animosity of trailerites is not to such model ordinances as this, which would operate to provide the healthful camps they would prefer to patronize, but fear of class legislation and harsh taxes. Already California has requested Federal funds to underwrite educational costs for 50,000 children of trailer visitors.

Florida requires a license costing $12 for out-of-State trailers carrying children, the proceeds going to school purposes.

The organ of the Tax Policy League

Pictures, Inc.

The sunny Southland lends itself to trailer-therapy . . . warm climates and sanitary camps provide a healthy playground for the nation's rolling public

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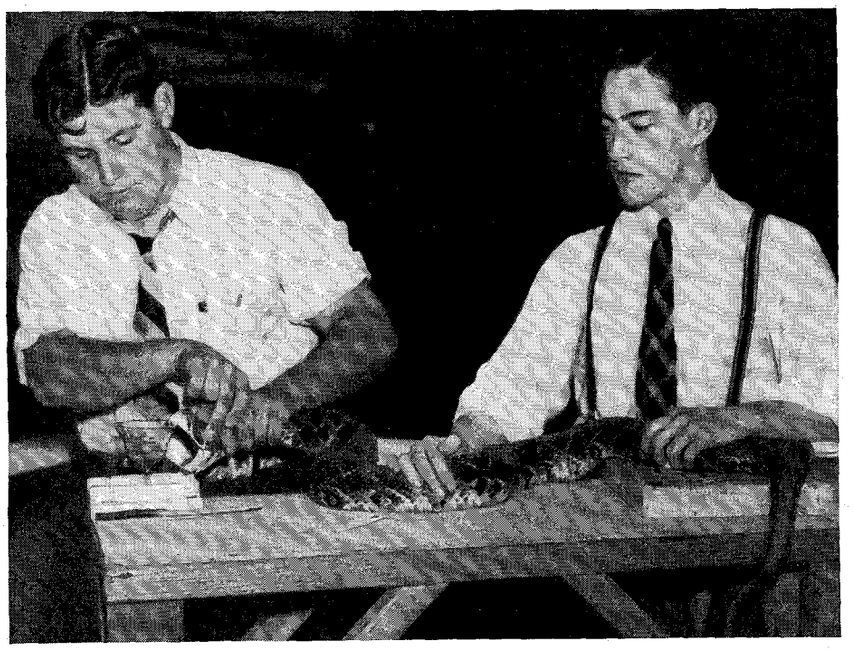
classifies the trailer-population into four main groups: Retired couples with modest incomes, labor of a mobile nature, natural vagabonds, families unable to afford to live in houses or apartments. Last week an editorial writer of *The New York Times* remarked: "The tin-can tourist pays less for social service than any citizen of the U. S."

FANGED CURE: Venom for Snake-Bite and Toads for Heart-Trouble; "Druggist" Animals

Rattlesnakes bite when stepped on. They also ungraciously provide venom which, made into antivenin and injected into the blood, cures the snake-bite victim much more effectively than the time-honored whisky treatment which never did have scientific standing. Wary hikers lured into the woods these warm spring days prudently carry an antivenin kit instead of a bottle in the hip-pocket.



© International

Mr. Ross Allen (left) "milks" a rattler for venom . . . as antitoxin against its own bite

Snakes, it appears from recent medical investigations, have been maligned. The rattler actually operates a personal pharmaceutical factory; its venom, "milked" from its fangs by persuading it to bite through a rubber membrane, provides a drug used in treating epileptics.

The venom dries into tiny, sharp-edged amber crystals which look like yellow table-salt.

Pain-Killer—Recently Dr. David I. Macht of Baltimore astonished the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology by reporting his successful use of cobra-venom in treating paralysis agitans (shaking palsy). Victims of this ailment suffer constant tremors, experiencing severe pain.

Cobra-venom, in some cases, is as effective a pain-killer as morphin, establishes no drug-habit. Doctor Macht gave the venom to several of his palsy patients as an anodyne, was surprized to find that the treatment alleviated symptoms of the disease. Through its action on the blood, cobra-venom for some time has been used in treating hemophiliacs, persons whose blood does not coagulate normally.

Vipers, too, come in for a nod of medical approval. The Sero-Therapeutic Institute of Vienna has produced a salve containing viperin, the venom of the viper, which is hailed as a cold-cure. Rubbing the salve on any part of the body, it is asserted, quickly cures the headache and rheumy nose of a cold.

Other queer animals and insects still provide "believe-it-or-not" additions to the well-equipped modern medicine-chest. The three-inch Oriental cockroach, an extremely unhandsome critter, is ground to powder for therapeutic uses. Bee-stingers yield up their poison content for a rheumatism treatment. Cantharides are dried beetles used internally in the human system as a diuretic, externally to blister the skin. The brains and spinal cords of rabbits which have been infected with rabies are used in a preparation to inoculate dog-bite victims against the development of that dread disease.

Maggots showed doctors how to heal stubborn wounds, particularly where bones are involved. These unattractive creatures, placed in a wound which refuses to heal, produce amazing cures. Altho they are used now and then, maggots more or less worked themselves out of a job when scientists discovered that they excreted allantoin and that the curative property in allantoin is urea, the first organic substance to be synthesized by chemists.

A brown minnow about an inch and one-half long is used in diagnosing a certain type of pigmented skin-cancer. Scientists know it as the Ellritze fish. Its skin is covered with color-cells and it turns pink around the gills and mouth when hormones extracted from the blood of a cancer-patient are injected into the fish. The Ellritze is imported in half-frozen discomfort from Germany. The New York Aquarium has disposed of 18,000 of the minnows since 1932.

Adrenalin, the hormone of the suprarenal glands, is the drug which figures in frequent newspaper reports of patients restored to life after their hearts stopped beating. Needled into a quiescent heart, the drug can restore heart-functioning under some conditions. It also is used to control bleeding in operations and to alleviate hay-fever spasms. It is manufactured by synthesis or extracted from the glands of packing-house steers. Recently it was discovered that *Bufo marinus*, the giant toad which overruns Hawaii, yields adrenalin from a pair of glands behind its ears with some discomfort but no permanent damage to the toad.

Two toads yield as much adrenalin as one steer.

Frogs come to the aid of heart-disease sufferers by offering their own cardiac organs to the cause of digitalis standardization. Digitalis is the principal drug used in heart cases. Two groups of frogs of identical weights respectively are injected with a standard preparation of digitalis and one whose potency is to be tested. Fifty-eight minutes later the frogs are anesthetized, their hearts exposed, comparisons made on the dot of the hour in the official "one-hour-frog" method of assay.

LIFE'S CAPSULE: Tablet Could Hold Next Generation's 96,000,000,000 Chromosomes

Place an aspirin tablet in the palm of your hand and ponder this startling extract from the report of the Rockefeller Foundation, issued last week by President Raymond B. Fosdick:

"It has recently been estimated that if all the human sperm-cells which are to be responsible for the 2,000,000,000 individuals who will constitute the next generation were gathered together they would occupy the space of half an aspirin tablet. If, of the corresponding egg-cells, only the nuclei, which carry the stuff of life, be taken, they would occupy the same space. It may be said, therefore, that the original and essential substance for the development of 2,000,000,000 individuals could be contained in a capsule no larger than an aspirin tablet."

Miracle—Two billion people, each a separate individual whose exact counterpart the world never before has seen and never again will see—the entire coming generation of all the nations on the globe, from geniuses to idiots—every one of them shaped immutably for his individual mold by the fundamental stuff of life which would be lost in a vest-pocket! Small wonder that no microscope ever has been devised large enough for man to see a gene.

It is the task of the gene to carry the whole load of inheritance from one generation to the next. Within each living cell of a human body, tiny, dark-colored granules can be seen by the microscope. These sausage-shaped units are called chromosomes. All living things possess them; plants as well as animals. The frog has twenty-six chromosomes to the cell; corn, twenty; man, forty-eight; the horse, sixty.

Inside the chromosomes, geneticists believe, the genes are strung very much like beads on a string. Nobody knows how many genes there are in the forty-eight human chromosomes; 100,000 of them laid side by side would occupy one inch. So

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small is the gene that many workers believe it to be but a single large molecule. Whatever they are, the genes control the transmission of physical characteristics to the developing organism.

Control—A new human being receives forty-eight chromosomes from his parents at the time of conception—twenty-four from his father, the same number from his mother. The twenty-four chromosomes inherited from the father contain a complete set of genes which, if followed like a blue-print, would produce an offspring looking exactly like the paternal parent. On the other hand, the baby would be a duplicate of its mother if it used only the mother's chromosomes in the complicated process of heredity (entirely aside from sex determination).

Actually, the two sets of genes in the chromosomes mix gregariously and the dominant gene controlling such an heredity factor as eye-color takes charge. The vanquished or recessive eye-color gene takes a back seat and isn't heard from again in the individual's life. It's a nicely balanced affair; some of the father's genes dominate those of the mother, and *vice versa*, which explains the honest perplexity of an infant's grandmother who can't decide whether the baby looks like papa or mama.

In fact, a study of some of the staggering statistics of heredity indicates that the chances are better than a billion to one against a man's being born as himself instead of somebody else. To begin with, his father never might have met his mother. The possibilities thenceforth run into astronomical calculations.

IT HAS CHARMS: Therapeutic Music Drives Away Dull Care or Prevents Dental Pain

Sing something simple if you would speed hospital patients on the road to health. But play lively marches if you are an employer bent on stepping up production.

These bits of advice come from different groups of experts announcing results of some revealing experiments in music therapy. Music emerges not only as a medicine which enthusiasts believe doctors will learn to prescribe, but also as a sort of industrial soothing-sirup which may be the long-sought remedy for sit-down strikes.

In London, Drs. S. Wyatt and J. N. Langdon discovered that 97 per cent. of 355 factory-girls who sat packing cracker-boxes all day long were bored with their jobs. The more intelligent the worker, the more she suffered the misery of monotony. When phonograph-records were played at intervals through the day, symptoms of boredom vanished and during the actual playing-time of the music the output of workers increased as much as 11 per cent. Light orchestral music had the least effect; swing numbers proved to be the most effective antidote to boredom.

Work-Music—Sailors traditionally sing their chanteys when hauling in an anchor-chain, and Negroes carry their spirituals into the cotton-fields. Dentists have used music to drown the buzz of the burr from the ears of sensitive patients. Music even has been used as a mild anesthesia.

In New York City, the WPA Federal Music Project for some months has been providing hospitals with corps of musicians trained in the new field of music therapy. Usually, hospital patients ask for simple, soothing selections. One group of neurological patients burst into tears on hearing the Meditation from "Thaïs," a result highly approved by the psychiatrist, to whom weeping is as helpful as laughing, as long as tension is broken up. Therapeutic music has little to do with esthetic appreciation. It is an organized emotional outlet, a stimulus which sets up new muscular tensions.

In the treatment of hopelessly maladjusted children, music has proved particularly curative. Dr. Laura S. Bender, head of the Children's Psychiatric Ward at Bellevue Hospital, believes that music therapy reaches parts of the child's brain closed to other group-therapy treatments such as art, dramatics and play activities. She advances a number of case-histories which indicate that music may divert potential criminals into normal pathways.

Pictures, Inc.

Let the burr buzz on . . . dental cripples are soothed by sweet strains of radio music

A violent ten-year-old, mentally deteriorating, a menace to other children, was a young bull in a china-closet until he was taken into the music class. There he was able to enjoy himself, to sing with his fellows, and even came to express concern as to whether the other children were having a good time.

An eight-year-old boy who had driven his parents frantic—they had been forced to lock doors and windows and disconnect the gas when he was home—became the music teacher's darling for his exemplary behavior.

A nine-year-old defective girl, whose mother threatened to kill any one who tried to put her in school, spent her first four days in the ward crying, shed all signs of mental defectiveness when she was permitted to play in a rhythm band.

Nervous disorders are particularly amenable to music therapy. Arthur Fultz of Boston University, studying the application of music to cases of personality disorders, insists that music can make the whole personality smile, foresees the day when the portable phonograph may become as medically indispensable as the stethoscope.

Last year, WPA musicians performed thirty-seven therapeutic musical concerts a week in New York institutions.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Plastic Lens—Last week, New York opticians fêted young Peter Koch de Gooreynd, inventor of an unbreakable plastic lens hailed as revolutionizing the manufacture of cameras, spectacles, field-glasses and similar optical instruments. By de Gooreynd's process, costly lens-grinding is eliminated. His lenses are manufactured by a molding process which delivers 1,500 units an hour and eliminates the need for skilled technicians. It is expected to cut the cost of expensive cameras in half.

* * *

Keep Right—It's getting so the road hog doesn't have a chance. Los Angeles now uses an insinuating wavy white center-line instead of the conventional straight one at intersections. Glass beads 1/20,000 of an inch in diameter are mixed with the paint for after-dark reflection. And Indiana is experimenting with four new center-line markings: three, which are raised surfaces, give the car a sound jouncing if it trespasses; the other is made of cat's-eye reflectors.

* * *

Emergencies—In New York City, population 7,000,000, public ambulances make 1,000 calls a day at an average cost of $1.52. People had more time to be sick during the depression; ambulance runs increased 73 per cent. from 1930 to 1934.

* * *

Invisible Planes—Air-planes made of a perfectly transparent plastic, which are thus rendered invisible to enemy pilots, were predicted for the future by Dr. N. A. de Bruyne, in a recent address before the Royal Aeronautical Society in London.

* * *

Tooth Decay—Geography and drinking water seem to play an important part in the problem of tooth decay, Dr. Clarence A. Mills reports to the International Association for Dental Research. Tooth decay in U. S. schoolchildren increases as distance from the tropics increases; for every degree of latitude there are 15 more decayed teeth per 100 children, probably due to decreased ultraviolet light in northern latitudes. Hard water is better for the teeth than soft, and people who are heavy salt-eaters have more tooth decay, Doctor Mills discovered.

* * *

Memory—The Federal Radio Commission has just approved a radio robot that will pick up the international distress signal when the operator is off duty, sound an alarm, and turn on the lights in the operator's quarters and on the bridge. The signal (used by ships of all nations) is four dashes, each four seconds in duration, separated by spaces of one second each. The device picks up the first dash, then, if there is no second or third, is clear for another signal. It sounds the alarm only upon receipt of the fourth dash after "remembering" the other three.

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ROGERS, ROLLER-SKATES AND RHYTHM

Songs, Ballet and Funny Sayings in "Shall We Dance?"

The old firm of Astaire & Rogers, songs, dances and funny sayings, continues its blithe skitterings in "Shall We Dance?" a cinema item differing from the previous offerings only because, this time, a ballet is part of the plot.

It is less romantic than earlier wares from this nimble team and there are those who will quibble daintily over the Gershwin score, holding that it has not the verve and enchantment found in previous musical jots fashioned for the singing and dancing of the RKO stars.

Better or worse, it remains that the score has three excellent numbers in "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "Slap That Bass," and "They Can't Take That Away From Me."

In addition to which, Fred Astaire proves that the engine-room of a gigantic liner is a handy place to stage a mechanistic tap-routine in which the rhythm matches the work-noises of the sleek, pulsating engines.

Astaire is a phony Russian ballet-dancer, born in Philadelphia, who refuses to leave Paris until he has met an American musical-comedy star whose blonde hair, superb figure and throaty chants have bewitched him.

It seems needless to add that Miss Rogers is the star.

Snub—He does meet her and is rebuffed, which invariably happens in reel two of any Astaire-Rogers picture. They meet again on the liner and he passes three days in leveling his charm at her. She begins to think he is fairly possible to put up with, when a grievous error causes the ship's paper to announce that the two had been married secretly.

To escape the attentions of a now-chilled old flame, Astaire does nothing to stop the story.

Thereafter, the plot revolves about adjoining suites in a Manhattan hotel, around a fatuous fiance and, on occasion, circles the matter of show production.

A happy ending is contrived and at no time does the plot manage to provoke profound thought.

This is a tuneful, nimble, amiable picture which gives the stars the reliable opportunity of being exceedingly mean to each other, of having four chances to dance together and of resolving their wo in the end.

The major novelties provided are the engine-room dance by Astaire alone and a team roller-skating dance on, presumably, the Mall in Central Park, New York.

Deft—Mark Sandrich has directed with complete awareness of the narrative's weaknesses. The result is force in the big scenes, concentration on display and comedy and a fine evasion of confused plot points. It is as if Mr. Sandrich had said: "This is a fine scene, so we'll play it big and pretend the next scene after it just doesn't exist."

Ira Gershwin has supplied Brother George's music with modern, impertinent lyrics of high order. Harry Losee and Hermes Pan have staged the dances effectively and there is a fine ballet-solo by Miss Harriet Hoctor.

This brings the matter down to the clown situation in the picture with special reference to Edward Everett Horton, who is being used in so many pictures now that it is not possible to gloss over the fact that he is not very funny.

BOXING KNIGHT: Prize-Fighting No New Theme, But "Kid Galahad" Has New Twists

The Messrs. Warner, excelling in the making of motion-pictures with lithographic punch, invade the scarcely new theme of professional fighting with "Kid Galahad." They emerge, however, with a good story, a vivid melodrama and a tight, resourceful film.

They have filled their cast with established, dependable players and, in addition, offer a discovery, Wayne Morris, whose name will mean much more to picture patrons a year hence than it does now. Morris was accepted as a promising find by all critics at Hollywood previews of the picture.

"Kid Galahad," summoned to the screen from a *Saturday Evening Post* serial, chronicles the adventures of a big, courtly booby who is thrust from knightly obscurity as a handsomely muscled bellboy to the world's heavy-weight championship. Its moral, if any, is that a good, clean, pretty giant can hammer his way to fame and riches wearing all the traditional plumes of King Arthur's boys in armor. It would take no violent workout of the imagination to think that Gene Tunney must have been a case for Author Wallace's point.

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire skate their way to greater fame and louder plaudits

Upon this healthy premise has been built a fast, admirably honest tale of the prize-fighters, with crooked deals, gunmen promoters, gaudy drabs with hearts of gold and the best ring-stuff ever shot. The fights have fury and the blows look and sound murderous. One stalwart actually was knocked out during filming of the final scenes.

Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart play the dishonest promoters with unreserved evil, Miss Bette Davis offers another shady lady portrait and a highly commendable one.

Steel-riveter William Haade, making his first picture performance as a wastrel heavy-weight champion, establishes that Hollywood can use, or should use, his type of big, brawny man.

SPRING FROTH: Cinema Capers on Paris Boulevards in Briskly Paced "Café Metropole"

The springtide of cinema froth is helped no little by "Café Metropole," a briskly paced satire which is completely unimportant as a major film contribution but which is so expertly put together that it will charm audiences. It has neither message nor great moment, but is sparkling entertainment fabricated solely to give pleasure. It does that capitally.

This impertinent morsel was manufactured from an idea contributed by Gregory Ratoff, the actor, and changed into witty reality by Jacques Deval, French dramatist.

Narration—It tells of a Paris restaurant, Café Metropole, presided over by a sleek, astute *maître* who is not above a little chicanery so long as his wealthy patrons are happy. A dissolute young American gambles with the *maître*, loses, has no money to pay off. Instead of jailing the bankrupt collegian, the *maître* forces the youngster to impersonate a Russian prince.

A wandering romance between the false prince and an American heiress provides the temperature ingredient.

The team of Loretta Young and Tyrone Power, recently vaulted into heart-throb prominence by "Love Is News," continues the giddy romancing with attractiveness and persuasion. Charles Winninger and Helen Westley add expert comedy to the silken achievements of Adolphe Menjou, Ratoff and others. Edward H. Griffith has directed with a knowing sense of comedy.

CROTHERS POTHER: "Susan and God" Might Be Re-written Into "Woman's Play"

Most important spring tryout of the legitimate stage was the appearance of Gertrude Lawrence in Rachel Crothers' "Susan and God" at the Forrest Theater, Philadelphia, under the egis of John Golden. The majority of Quaker City

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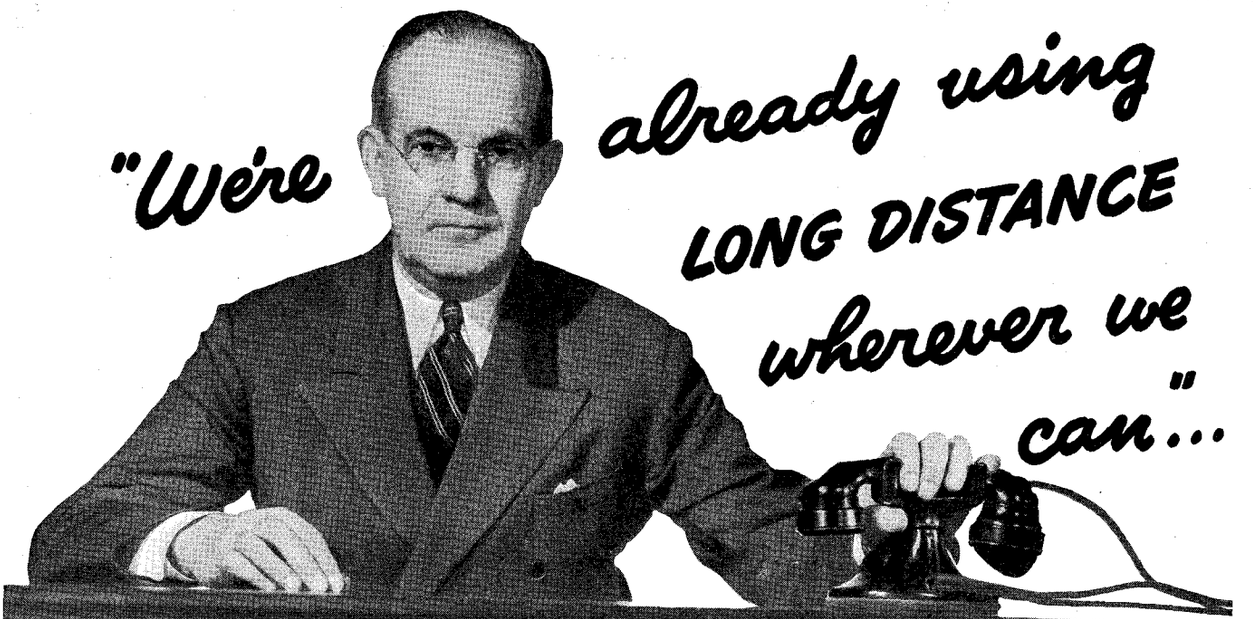

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☐ **SALES**—Combining personal visits and telephone calls for more frequent coverage. Following up direct-mail or customer inquiries. Making call-backs. Disposing of overstocks or specials. Covering out-of-way or inactive accounts. Saving cancelations of orders. Making quick market surveys. Announcing price changes.

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Lucas and Pritchard Studio

Gertrude Lawrence called for an intermission and sailed to the scene of the Coronation

critics panned the show, altho one footlight savant and $20,000 worth of admissions, mostly women, showed interest in the fortnight's engagement.

Unique among plays trying out for subsequent Broadway production, "Susan and God" was announced beforehand as "for two weeks only—then closed for the summer." Success or failure, the opus could go no further because its English star wanted a look at the Coronation, a chance to make some records and a rest after playing three months with Noël Coward in "Tonight at 8:30."

General consensus was that Producer Golden and Author Crothers will have to do some tightening, rearranging and extensive rewriting before even a moderate success in New York can be envisaged. A few bright scenes, occasional flashes of scintillant Crothers dialog (reminiscent of "Let Us Be Gay" and "When Ladies Meet") and opportunities for Gertrude Lawrence to parade a succession of stunning outfits are some of the assets. Dull stretches, confused characterization and the presence of a cast of unpleasant characters are liabilities.

Story—The play is about an unhappy, drunken husband; an unhappy, frivolous wife; an unhappy, bewildered child. How they find God and become regenerated might be called the plot, but the audience never knows whether the inebriated proclivities of the husband drove the wife to frivolity or *vice versa*.

If Rachel Crothers can bring her heretofore expert play-craftsmanship into clarifying the yarn, it might turn into a walloping "women's show"—ofttimes synonym for success in the theater. If not—the play may be relegated to the limbo of several recently unproduced Crothers scripts. In any case, Gertrude Lawrence gets a chance to use all the laugh-getting and sob-evoking tricks which Noël Coward has taught her. Philadelphia dowagers also applauded Bert Lytell, stage and screen veteran, as the hard-drinking husband.

Religion

LORD'S PRAYER: Using Both "Debts" and "Trespasses," Poet Revises Supplication

Great teachers in Biblical days were expected to give their disciples a form of prayer. Because John had taught his followers to pray, Christ's disciples asked Him to do the same. Complying, He gave them the Lord's Prayer, which, despite its importance to them, curiously enough is mentioned only twice in the entire New Testament.

Most Christian churches and their Sunday schools use the St. Matthew version in preference to that of St. Luke, which differs chiefly from the former in the omission of: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever, Amen." To reconcile the two versions, volumes have been written through the centuries.

As recited to-day, the Lord's Prayer is characterized by further conflict in the use, in some churches, of the clause "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," in others, that of "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." Among those that use the latter are the Methodist Episcopal and Protestant Episcopal Churches. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists and Disciples of Christ say "debts." Roman Catholics use "trespasses," altho the approved Douai-Rheims Bible says "debts." Occasionally, usage may be a question of individual choice, so that in one town Congregationalists may say "trespasses" and in another "debts."

Greek—In the last century the Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles John Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester, England, sought to reconcile the two clauses by interpreting that of "debts" as stressing sins of omission, that of "trespasses" as stressing sins of commission. Nevertheless, while no current Bible translation mentioned "trespasses," it continued in popular usage among the various denominations. The Greek word, *ophileimate*, actually signifies something owed.

The only English translation in which the word "trespasses" is used in place of "debts" is the William Tyndale version (1525). Tyndale was an English scholar-priest determined to translate the Bible into the vernacular. The Thomas Matthew version (1537) and the Taverner version (1539) also contain "trespasses," but merely were revisions of the Tyndale work. All other major versions used "debts" and some of the modern revisions use circumlocutions such as "offenses" or "sins."

Long a student of the controversy, the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Copeland, eighty-one, retired Methodist minister of Buffalo, has devoted many leisure hours to the thought of merging the two clauses into a "completed Lord's Prayer."

Revision—Recently, he ran them together, sent the revised prayer to a Buffalo Methodist meeting. It reads: *Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.*

One of Methodism's leading poets, Doctor Copeland, who gained national attention two years ago by introducing an additional stanza for "America," recently received a letter of thanks from the British Royal Family for a poem eulogizing King George V. Last week, his latest gesture had provoked wide discussion in clerical circles.

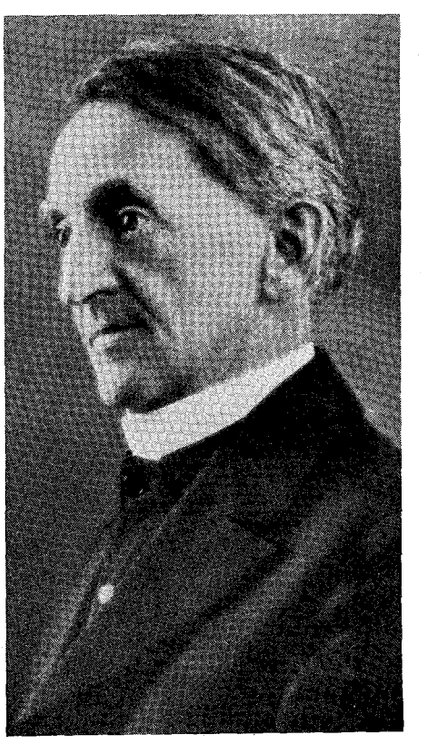
PETERBORO PLAN: Unity for Unitarians With Whole Family in Church as Unit

Struggling with depression-struck parishes, rural pastors have been pondering many a scheme to revitalize dwindling flocks and finances. One of these is the "Larger Parish" idea.

Providing a central, jointly-supported house of worship for the various faiths, a prime example of this trend is being sponsored by Owen D. Young, industrialist, in his native Van Hornesville, New York. Another experiment is direct sales-promotion, like that instituted by Bryant Griffin, New York advertising expert, in a suburban New Jersey town.

As in many a small village where all such plans have been studied drearily, the Rev. Richard Allen Day, minister of the Unitarian Church of Peterboro, New Hampshire, sadly watched the life and vigor of his parish wane, was determined not to let it suffer the fate of closed Methodist and Baptist churches.

The first thing Mr. Day did was to launch a thoroughgoing survey of his domain. To this end he sent a questionnaire to the heads of all families, supplemented it with meetings of young married couples



Dr. Benjamin Copeland put "debts" as well as "trespasses" in his version of Lord's Prayer

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with children. The results showed that all the physical conditions necessary to a thriving church were there: A beautiful church and parish house in perfect condition, adequate financial resources and a constituency of 350 persons in a population of 2,500.

Historic—One of the church's 355 active parishes in the United States whose total membership is 123,970, Peterboro Unitarians worship at one of two* reputed Bulfinch-designed churches in the United States. Completely white inside with old-fashioned box-pews, floor carpeted in dull red, a slightly-arched ceiling and a pulpit of famous old wine-glass style, it will celebrate its 200th anniversary in 1939.

Lying in the shadow of Mount Monadnock, the church, like the four others in the town—Congregational, Episcopalian, Catholic and Christian Scientist—draws its congregation from textile-workers, farmers and townfolk who like to think of themselves as average New Englanders, point with pride to two local possessions—the famed Edward McDowell music-colony and the headquarters of the American Guernsey Club.

Peterboro's Unitarians, however, are not unlike most Americans upon opening eyes on Sunday morn. They look forward to their spiritual devotions, but they also enjoy a family noon-hour dinner, get off to the country afoot or in cars. So they made it quite plain in their questionnaire replies that they desired a church for the whole family—in short, a real family church. Officers and pastor agreed with them, without delay drew up a new program founded upon three principles:

1. Begin with the youngest and hold them.
2. A family church with something for all.
3. Keep every one interested in the whole church through cooperation.

Workings—Disclosed by Mr. Day in *The Christian Register*, the plan works out like this: The church service has been changed to 10:30 o'clock, with the Sunday-school hour coinciding. The primary, junior and intermediate departments of the school assemble in the parish house at 10:15 A.M. for preliminary instruction and rehearsal of music, *etc.*, before entering the church during the organ prelude. They remain in the church during the opening service, which includes a junior sermon, then retire to classes during the singing of a hymn. Also meeting at the same time is the kindergarten. Thus, all arrive and depart together.

"As a result of this venture," the minister writes, "the church attendance has increased rapidly and is still growing. Many new people with children are coming to church. The church school is flourishing with new children coming in steadily. The kindergarten is already large enough to require two teachers. Twenty-five babies have been christened during the last four years, thus assuring the school of new members for years to come.

Success—"An excellent Alliance of almost 100 members is cooperating; also, the Laymen's League, a strong and active chapter, is assisting in the program. A newly-organized Young People's Religious Union, under excellent supervision, is planned. A junior choir is to be organized in the near future. Thus, a well-rounded program for the whole family is in operation."

Nothing succeeds like success and as a result the Peterboro Plan—as it is called—is being copied widely in New Hampshire. The American Unitarian Association, central coordinating body in Boston, supports it, thinks it excellent, but regards it still as experimental and by no means unique. Financially, its officials say, the church as a whole is in good condition.

*The other work of Charles Bulfinch, American architect (1763-1844), is said to be in Lancaster, Massachusetts.

Letters and Art

ANTIQUE RACKET: Fakes Outnumber Genuine Pieces, Treasury Loses Money

Antique is a word that started life as an adjective and grew into a noun that bears an almost holy connotation. Under the egis of those seven letters more highway robbery has been committed annually than Jesse James managed in his whole lifetime.

The United States Treasury Department, after scanning its books for the last twenty-eight years—any article that predates 1700 has been legally granted free entry since 1906—estimates that it has been swindled out of $500,000,000 by allowing spurious antiques to enter duty free. And last week it decided to do something about it.

It has been almost impossible, customs

"CLOSER..CLOSER!...THEY ALMOST HAD THEIR MEN..WHEN *BANG!* A BLOW-OUT!"

S. S. VAN DINE
Celebrated Author

Read S. S. Van Dine's breath-taking description of Sergeant McCabe's* thrilling man hunt . . . .

"THERE they are! Not more'n a quarter mile ahead of us. We'll overhaul 'em before they reach the Bad Lands." Sergeant McCabe's voice was excited and triumphant.

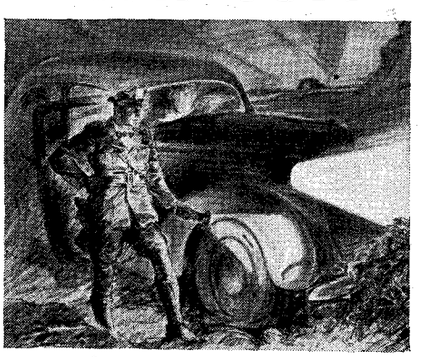
And just then a sharp explosion rent the air, and the police car leaped from the narrow road at a sharp angle and lurched crazily to a sudden stop in a rock-strewn sandy field.

"No chance now," the Sergeant complained sullenly as the criminals' car rapidly disappeared into the blackness. "They've escaped. We're beaten by a blow-out." The criminals did escape that time. But, thanks to the persistence of Sergeant McCabe and his alert men, they were later captured.

The solution to this havoc caused by blow-outs has seemed to me to depend on the manufacture of a *safer* tire. That's why the invention of the Life-Saver Golden Ply by Goodrich should be the "good news" to every American motorist that it was to me. As one of the Goodrich engineers explained, "This Golden Ply, which is now found in every Silvertown Tire, is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific blowout-causing heat generated inside *all* tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply provides motorists with *real* protection against high-speed blow-outs."

No wonder thousands of motorists all over the country are changing to Golden Ply Silvertowns. *They're playing safe!* These life-saving Silvertowns can be purchased at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.

Names and localities are fictitious, but the episode is suggested by an actual occurrence.



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

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officials have found, to determine accurately the authenticity of imported objects, since most fake antiques have been accepted as genuine in the country of their origin. Since the fad for Italian and Spanish furniture has died out, England has sent the bulk of the offerings. The Treasury has figures—based on population, number of wealthy families and allowing for destruction, fire, breakage and wear—showing that between 75 and 80 per cent. of the imports from the British Isles could not possibly be genuine antiques.

Legal Dam—Last week the Department took steps to stem the flood-tide. In a bill sent to the House it asked for repeal of the Morgan Act, under which antiques have cleared customs.

If the bill passes—and it is certain to meet opposition—many dealers in American antiques also expect some tightening of their collars. For, like their British brethren, some of them have been getting away with murder. Early American furniture for more than a decade has enjoyed the greatest popularity among collectors and consequently has been copied in proportion to the demand.

But dealers are not going to be caught unawares. In New York, where the market is largest, sellers of antiques have plans under way to organize and cast out the dealers in fakes who have been giving their trade a black eye. The embryonic organization wants to pass a law that will prohibit a dealer from carrying the word "antique" above his store unless a large proportion of his stock carries documentary proof of its origin and age.

Buyer Beware—Most of the trouble lies in the fact that the public, by and large, seldom recognizes the difference between a fake and a reproduction. Reproductions are accurate copies of any furniture style of any period and it is only when they are palmed off as originals that they are branded as fakes.

Another brand of fraud is known as the "jigsaw assembly." Given a true antique chair, an unscrupulous dealer will saw it up into possibly a dozen parts, using one of the original segments in each copy. In his sales-talk he will put particular emphasis on the part he knows to be genuine and submit it to all the tests that prove its age.

The first clue an antique detective looks for in the rather complicated task of tracking down the real from the manufactured, is the type of nail used. If he finds old wrought-iron nails holding the object together, he has fairly good proof that he is not being duped.

Because the general buying public is extremely gullible, manufacturers of fakes have seldom bothered to duplicate the old type of nail.

In a chest, desk or any article that has drawers, there are two identifying marks that are hard to reproduce in imitations. Original pieces show the hand-work plainly in the little pie-shaped dovetails that hold the sides and bottom of a drawer together. None of these true wedges is exactly the same size. Reproductions flaunt precisely even, exact triangles, obviously machine-stamped, that the most accurate craftsman couldn't hope to duplicate.

If a drawer has been planed so as to allow the bottom thickness in the middle and a tapering-off to permit grooving in the sides, it is the work of a long-dead cabinetmaker.

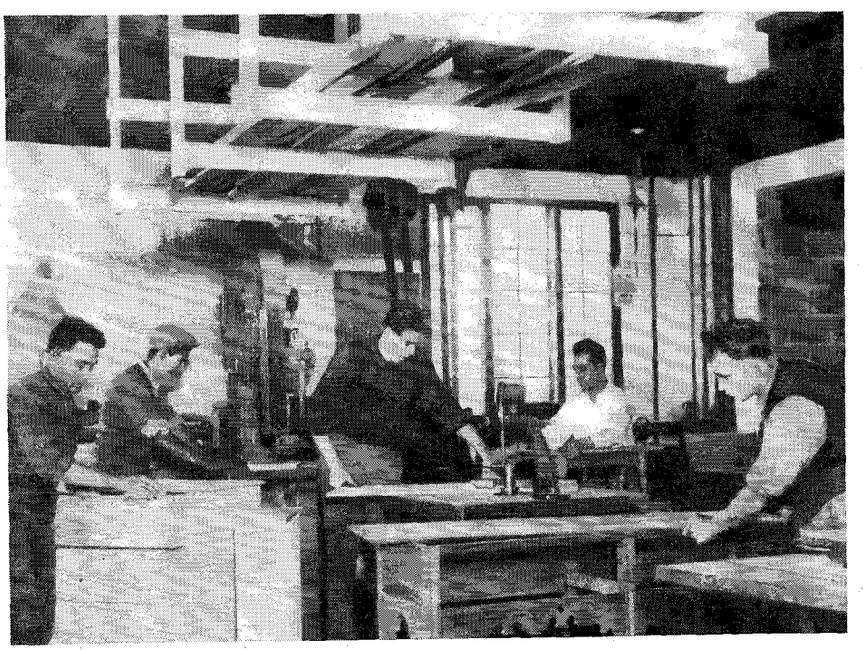
As in the case of the nails, reproducers generally ignore this detail.

Labeled Pieces—Many a reputable furniture-maker openly copies famous ancient pieces that are to be found in museums or private collections and sells his work for what it is—a faithful reproduction. To prevent its resale under false colors, dealers are suggesting that such articles be branded, or indelibly marked, so that they can be recognized easily for what they are.

One wood-worker who has made a comfortable fortune reproducing the works of Chippendale, Sheraton and nameless but numerous American furniture-makers, tells a story on himself that points the need of such identification. He was called in by a wealthy collector to copy two supposedly Sheraton dining-chairs. The collector had bought them from one of the most reputable dealers in New York who claimed to have picked them up in Russia where, he said, they had been taken by an English lawyer 100 or more years ago.

"Do you think you could possibly copy these chairs so that I might have a set of six?" the collector asked. After careful examination, the craftsman admitted he could and with no difficulty.

"I made those," he said.



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New England antique shop where reproductions are made and sold as such . . . only swindlers who sometimes buy them attempt to pawn them off as genuine

THUMBING THE BOOKS

Seventh Avenue—"I Can Get It for You Wholesale." By Jerome Weidman. (Simon & Schuster; $2.50.) A twenty-four-year-old accountant who goes to law school at night has written a novel in his spare time. With its publication he is placed on that not-too-long list of promising writers who well may become major fictioneers in a few years. Author Weidman writes a well-spaced, realistic story of a completely unscrupulous cloak-and-suiter who gets where he wants to go by stepping on people's necks. He cheats shipping-clerks, his partners, the girl he loves. Not another syllable could be added to this study of a ruthless man.

Animals—"Who's Who in the Zoo." By the staff of the Federal Writers' Project of New York City. Edited by Ralph De Sola. (Halcyon House; $1.69.) A round-up of little-known facts about well-known animals in a handsomely designed book. The beasts are kenneled in their proper family groups and entertainingly described. For juvenile and adult readers alike.

Hemingway Germany—"Three Comrades." By Erich-Maria Remarque. (Little, Brown; $2.50.) Three young men are mechanics and disillusioned ex-soldiers. One of their band falls in love with a young girl, learns too late that she is tubercular and helplessly watches her die of the disease. The story is a tragic comment on the recent German scene. Its chief drawback is the persistence of all three comrades in drinking copiously and indulging in long descriptions of each draft.

Insanity—"The Outward Room." By Millen Brand. (Simon & Schuster; $1.25.) A young woman is forced to spend seven years in an asylum because she was driven mad by the death of her younger brother. She escapes, goes to New York and successfully builds a life which restores her sanity when she becomes the wife of a worker. Effectively written but unfortunately marred by a surprize twist at the end to insure everything's coming out all right.

Munitions—"By Day and by Night." By Johan Bojer. (Appleton Century; $2.50.) What happens when a millionaire machine-gun inventor suddenly develops a conscience? Tackling this problem, Norwegian author Bojer traced the life and death of a poor boy made rich by a death-dealing discovery. Author Bojer always writes well, often with a strange brilliance; but the end result is not altogether satisfactory. However, the quality of Ibsen's plays burns high in this book, which should be read by thoughtful folk.

Family—"The duMauriers." By Daphne duMaurier. (Doubleday, Doran; $3.) After last year's best seller, "Jamaica Inn," Daphne duMaurier has turned the handle of the door containing the family skeletons and unlocked a choice collection of ancestors. Her account is written with skill and the impudence of a young woman not afraid of facing ancestral fact.

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WORKING WIVES AND OTHERS' BREAD

Married Women in Jobs Stir Sociological Controversy

Beneath smoking discussions of government-made work, technological replacement of labor in the growing industrial boom and the desirability of an unemployment census, one question burns clearly: Should married women work?

Recent addition of fuel to the fire tended by editors and writers in newspapers and magazines throughout the country was the Boston City Council's indorsement last spring of Massachusetts legislation to prohibit the employment of married women "whose husbands are receiving salaries sufficient to support their households."

"There are 5,255,455 married women gainfully employed in this country," fumed Henry Selvitella, framer of the Boston City Council indorsement. "If they were forced to return to their homes, the unemployment problem would be cut in half. The system has brought about the exploitation of women under conditions that have thrown millions of men out of employment. . . ."

"Big business spoils a woman for love and marriage," was the recently expressed opinion of Dr. Paul Popenoe, Director of the Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles. "The more dominant she becomes, the more she repels men. If financially possible, a woman should never take a job, but should spend her spare time cultivating her talents. . . . Home-making and marriage should be her first goal."

Task—Even Ida Tarbell, feminist whose sharply disagreeing opinion is that women should have a place in public life, says that women's fundamental responsibility is the home.

The premise, hitherto taken for granted, always has been that gainfully employed women earn more money than women in the home. But do they? In the February and May issues of *Scribner's Magazine*, Mrs. Ralph Borsodi and Dorothy Van Doren tackle the problem from this angle:

"Most people believe to-day that the industrial age has demonstrated the economic futility of home-making," contends Mrs. Borsodi. "It appears obvious that machinery, power and the factory system have relegated the domestic tasks, such as washing, sewing, canning, baking and weaving, to the submarginal homes. . . . But I am convinced that a great many women could be of greater economic value to their families while performing home-making tasks."

Mrs. Borsodi and her husband have proved to their satisfaction that the average woman who does all her housework produces more real wealth than she could produce by earning money. She can earn easily from $5 to $20 a week, year in and year out, depending upon the number of jobs taken back into the home from industry and depending also on the standard of living.

"The most frequent annual wage of women in 1929 was $800 a year," Mrs. Borsodi says. "But this is by no means their net income. An inquiry I made some time ago among women working in stores and offices in New York showed that they had to spend for commutation, car-fare, lunches, extra clothing and, above all, for beauty treatments, from $3.60 to $5 each week to retain their positions."

Statistics—Mrs. Borsodi backs up her argument that married women can earn more money working at home by itemized tables showing that a woman earns fifty cents an hour baking her own bread; $6 an hour when she bakes beans instead of buying them in cans.

The writer subjected her family to a month's diet of ready-to-eat foods such as are bought by families with an income of $2,400 to $4,000 a year. Then she gave them a month on home-prepared foods.

The results ("omitting loud huzzahs for the kind of bread mother used to make"): Home-cooked foods cost thirty-three minutes a day more in labor but saved $5.60 a week in delicatessens and groceries.

This in the kitchen alone—and spreading the cost of additional equipment over its normal life-span. But in her sewing-room, making rugs or tweeds on a hand-loom, inventing games for her children, knowing how to manage the hundred small phases of that complicated business of maintaining a family, Mrs. Borsodi finds that the average married woman is an economic asset in her home, has more leisure and more variety in her work than most paid jobs could offer.

Dispute—Dorothy Van Doren, in sharp disagreement, says: "Let us not delude ourselves. Most women do not work . . . because they would rather feed their families from cans. It is not caprice that takes women to the factory-loom, to the clerk's desk, to the retail-store counter. It is the harsh compulsion of economic necessity.

"The vast majority of working women fall into the low-income groups where extra cash is a grim necessity, where the cost of the Borsodi home equipment* is prohibitive and in most cases where the necessary education to use it economically is lacking. . . . In many cases, of course, gainfully employed women are young wives who keep their jobs after marriage in order to make marriage itself possible."

Stating that Mrs. Borsodi is no average housewife in her abilities, Dorothy Van Doren points out that the above-average women in business command large salaries, employ competent cooks and housekeepers, send their children to "progressive schools."

Taking for granted that it is as necessary for many women to be employed gainfully as it is for men, Elizabeth Frazer in the May issue of *Good Housekeeping* says: "Twenty-five out of every hundred women throughout the country are gainfully employed . . . Their combined income amounts to one-fifth of the nation's annual pay-roll. Never before on earth was seen such an army as this! Never such standards of good health, beauty, initiative, self-respect and confidence.

"Forty per cent. of this army have dependents. Like men, they are carrying heavy financial responsibilities. . . . Individuals in this army differ as fingerprints differ. But one outstanding fact unites them all like a common denominator: They earn their own money. . . . They stand on their own feet."

Fruits—Security is the reward for working at a paying job, believes Miss Frazer, a chance to build up a savings-account, pay for an insurance annuity which will offer one a comfortable old age. Suggesting a budget as the way of making a profit on the business unit which is oneself, Miss Frazer shows sound cash profits for the stenographer or high-priced advertising executive.

But women work and run homes, too. More than one-third of the employed women in the United States carry full responsibility for home-making, reports

*Cost of modern kitchen equipment used by Mrs. Borsodi was $500.

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A problem of the age . . . should young American women choose a life of domesticity or . . .

Keystone

continue activity in the world of business even after they are married?

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621 So. Grand Avenue LOS ANGELES — 152 Geary Street SAN FRANCISCO — 626 S. W. Broadway PORTLAND, Ore.
1320 Fourth Avenue SEATTLE — 1113 Pacific Avenue TACOMA

the Women's Bureau in Washington. Nearly 1,000,000 of these are women who have families without a man at the head; nearly 500,000 are the only wage-earners in their home units.

The number of women working for the United States Government has increased 95 per cent. during the past three years; the increase in the employment of men is but 37 per cent.

More women's names are on the doors of important government offices now than in any previous Administration. In the Cabinet, Foreign Service, even in the Treasury Department, women are in executive posts.

Poll—To find out what the public thinks of women seeking gainful employment, Dr. George Gallup, Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, last November announced in the New York *Herald Tribune* the results of a national poll on the subject: "Do you approve of a married woman earning money in industry or business if she has a husband capable of supporting her?"

Eighty-two per cent. of the 100,000 persons questioned answered "no." Women themselves were opposed by 79 per cent. Reason given by the majority of "no" voters was: "Why should a married woman with plenty of money take bread out of the mouths of women who need work?"

Minority opinions:

"Some women have no family to raise; they might as well work as sit around the house."

"Women should have equality with men, since they are taxed as well as men."

"Certain types of women are better adapted to business and are happier when working."

"Many a woman earns more than her husband; let him keep house!"

Many employers believe to-day that wives with comfortable homes are more stable than unmarried girls—less inclined to stay up all night "gadding about." Young people in the Gallup poll were one out of five for women working as compared with one out of ten for the nation as a whole.

Answer—To the question "Should married women work?" Chase Going Woodhouse, Director of the Institute of Women's Professional Relations and teacher of economics at Connecticut College, says:

"If the question is made specific, there is an answer . . . depending upon the kind of person she is, the kind of husband she has, what their respective occupations are, what their children need and upon the community in which they live."

As far back as 1901, Ida Husted Harper, ardent feminist, wrote: "Nothing could more effectually destroy the stimulus to exertion in the girls of the high schools and colleges than the knowledge that all progress was to stop on commencement day. . . . Shall these highly-trained girls be restricted to a narrow round of social life? . . . Shall they be forbidden any kind of business because they will take the bread out of the mouth of some poor woman? Why, then, such commendation of a son of a Vanderbilt, a Rockefeller or a Morgan who enters actively into business pursuits?"

Rebecca West, speaking on the subject, "These American Women," said:

"Indeed, it is almost beside the point to discuss whether the women of the United States have a specific aptitude for work, since they are the only people who seem to be ready to do it."

Along with jobs for married women stand many complex emotional problems. The more successful the married woman in her paid work, the more tactful she must be in her home. Few men are so little influenced by tradition that they can stand a successful wife.

Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, author of "In Quest of Contentment," has run a home and a job for eighteen years. Her advice:

"If you want to prosper, lay up money in the bank . . . it is perhaps just as well to say good-by to the job and stick to the garden, the kitchen and the sewing machine. But if you want to have a grand time, to have glamour and interest for your husband and prestige with your children, there's something to be said for the job."

Education

JOBS IN JUNE: Class of 1937 Faces Cheerful Prospects in Business World

Sometime during June, 150,000 young Americans will emerge from college campus gates to seek fortunes in the nation's businesses and professions.

What are their prospects? How many will get on company pay-rolls, or build up immediate practises? How many others will wander the paths of fruitless search for work?

Well, it seems they—this post-slump generation, as personnel experts call them—are going to get a break, the first since 1930. That's what a survey just completed by Investors Syndicate (Minneapolis) has developed.

To ascertain advance indications, the Syndicate sent out questionnaires to placement officers in 525 leading colleges (no women's institutions) and received, to this effect, specific answers from 218 of them. Of them was asked: What percentage of your 1937 graduates will obtain jobs this summer? with a comparison, in this respect, with last year's and 1929's figures, the fields of greatest demand for work, the qualifications principally sought by employers and a list of companies recruiting employees.

Prospects—Results from the survey accounted for nearly half of the total enrolment of the country's male and coeducational institutions. Briefly, they showed:

Employment prospects for 1937 classes are only a little less favorable than those of 1929, are substantially better than those of 1936.

Engineering, business administration, teaching, general business classifications are offering work in greatest volume. Engineering jobs lead in ninety-six instances. Business administration goes to the top at eighty-three schools. Teaching heads eighty-five others. And general business classifications hold fourth place. In contrast, journalism, law, investment banking are at the foot of the list.

Twenty-eight institutions report that more than 90 per cent. of June graduates will be employed. Thirteen per cent. of the colleges say they expect immediate jobs for fully 85 per cent. of their graduates. One hundred and fourteen schools

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declare employment will exceed that of 1936. Eighty-nine state that this year will be about on a par with 1936. Nearly 30 per cent. predict tops over 1929.

According to 185 colleges, more than half of their graduates are expected to be on pay-rolls before the end of summer. And 163 foresee 70 per cent. of their students at work soon after graduation.

Qualifications—Most frequently given as qualifications sought by employers in students are (in the order named) scholarship, personality, campus activity and popularity, character, leadership and general ability. Scholarship is ranked as the first qualification by 51.4 per cent. of the colleges. Personality gets first place in 19.7 per cent. of the institutions; character, 5 per cent.; campus popularity, 3.6 per cent.; leadership, 2.3 per cent.; and general ability, 1.4 per cent. Some colleges list as many as seven qualifications, others only one or two.

One school, recently endowed for $3,000,000, rated scholarship sixth on its list of the qualities in demand.

Only six mentioned honesty directly by name; only 5 per cent. gave character first place. To-day, it appears, an employer hires a girl or boy for looks, personality, general poise and ease, hands over a large amount of responsibility, then inveighs against all youth when one fails. He doesn't take pains to investigate in advance.

Rare Qualities—Only one college listed family background as a requisite—it was a Southern school. A Midwestern college was the sole lister of "loyalty." Three mentioned tact. An Eastern coeducational institution was the only one to mention age. It gave limits between twenty-three and thirty-five.

Some schools noted the different physical characteristics demanded of candidates for different jobs.

For example, a woman who is to demonstrate washing-machines must be tall and fairly brawny; a school-teacher can be any size, tho those for primary grades ought to be shorter.

As for volume of recruiting among this year's graduates, the leading companies in each industry, as a rule, usually are most aggressive in this activity. Virtually every leading company in a nation-wide industry, it is revealed, seeks graduates of institutions of higher learning. Others confine recruiting to relatively small territories or to a few institutions. General Electric, the various American Telephone subsidiaries, Firestone Tire & Rubber, Westinghouse Electric, Procter & Gamble, du Pont, Goodyear Tire, Burroughs Adding Machine, General Motors; Sears, Roebuck; Socony-Vacuum, International Harvester, Armstrong Cork, United States Steel, Eastman Kodak, R. H. Macy, W. T. Grant, Swift & Co., Aetna Life, Montgomery Ward, Standard Oil of Indiana, Liberty Mutual Insurance, Texas Corporation, Bethlehem Steel and Aluminum Company of America, in order named, are reported most frequently among the 220 specifically mentioned corporations.

Summer Jobs—National sectional distribution of summer employment prospects:

The Pacific Coast States, 89 per cent.;
East North Central States, 87 per cent.;
New England, 84.5 per cent.;
East South Central, 84 per cent.;
Middle Atlantic, 83 per cent.;
West North Central, 82.5 per cent.;
South Atlantic, 78 per cent.;
West South Central, 67 per cent.;
Mountain States, 56 per cent.

Answers as to how this year's prospects

PACK your bags and head north this summer . . . for a *different*, thrilling, inexpensive vacation as "Guest of Canada", your friendly northern neighbor.

Do you long for quiet woodland peace? . . . Take a family cottage on the sun-bathed shore of one of Canada's Maritime provinces. Swim, canoe, golf and hike by day. Then sleep as you've never slept before all through the crisp, cool night.

If you love the "colony" life . . . Plan to join the gay, congenial crowd at one of our many smart, world-famed resorts.

If a motor tour appeals . . . Set your course along Canada's miles and miles of scenic highways. Stop over at wayside inns, camp in beautiful National Parks, or put up at great, modern hotels.

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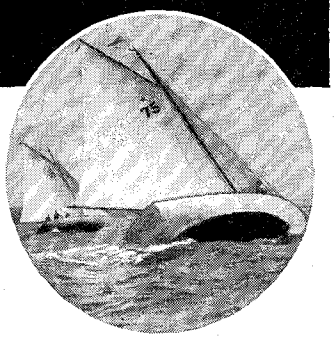
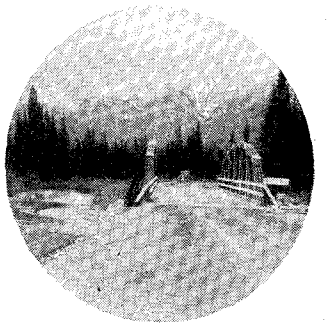


Sail, cruise, paddle or pole . . . you'll never forget the sheer, blue beauty of Canada's holiday waterways.



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compare with last year's and how they compare with those of 1929 show:

Section	1937 Prospect as Compared With 1936	1937 Prospect as Compared With 1929
New England	greater	greater
Middle Atlantic	greater	greater
East North Central	same	same
West North Central	same	less
South Atlantic	same	greater
East South Central	greater	same
West South Central	same	same
Mountain States	greater	less
Pacific States	same	about same

Positions—The South—an interesting point—doesn't want so many teachers and farmers as it used to because it has become rapidly industrialized in the last few years. The new demand is for engineers, business men and women, business administrators. Government construction projects in the Mountain States create a large demand for civil and mining engineers there. In the West South Central States, employment opportunities break down as follows:

Arkansas—business, teaching, agriculture (in order named).
Oklahoma — teaching, preaching, farming, engineering.
Louisiana—teaching, business administration, government work (one of few States that mentioned this directly).
Texas—teaching, business administration, farmers, accountants, tax experts (one of few mentions).

Said Surveyor J. R. Ridgway, President of Investors Syndicate:

"The way in which institutions are establishing and expanding placement-bureaus and the care with which such personnel offices select graduates before recommending them to prospective employers indicate that colleges and universities, for the most part, are aware of their rôles in a rapidly changing world.

"The manner in which leading employers of men and women are seeking graduates indicates that business, finance and industry in the United States realize the need for a continual flow of new ideas to meet the challenging problems of the hour."

SMOKING CO-EDS: Fire Hazards, Not Propriety, Cause Cigarette Restrictions

There was a time a decade ago when prospective students at large and small girls' schools of the nation were informed in advance that if they regarded smoking as essential to their happiness they had better stay away. Nevertheless, girls did smoke, on the sly. Each year, in many a hallowed institution, rules have been relaxing.

Last week, the extent of this relaxation became known following announcement of a tightening of restrictions at Barnard College, New York (Columbia University). Upon bulletin-boards and in a campus publication students were warned that an old rule against smoking on that part of the campus surrounding 119th Street, including Milbank Hall, across the street, was being enforced. Reason given: Fire-hazard in the classroom building. Smoking is optional in dormitory rooms and is allowed in the so-called "student section" of the campus, which includes the "Jungle" and the tennis-courts.

Reasons—As for other institutions, Wellesley students (Wellesley, Massachusetts), in a questionnaire, gave these reasons for smoking, in order of importance: Curiosity, friends did, social considerations, wanted to, pleasure. Smoking has increased from 53 to 70 per cent. over 1930. Eighty-two per cent. inhaled. Best student and best athlete were smokers, tho, in general, non-smokers excelled.

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, is an example of modern liberality. Sister Madleva, the President, got tired of seeing girls sneak down an alley to puff, furnished a $2,000 smoking-room.

Bryn Mawr (Pennsylvania) permits smoking in special rooms in dormitories, in hall sitting-rooms before guests, on the lower campus hockey-fields, tennis-courts, *etc.*, in Goodhart Hall, student wing, in the library cloisters and anywhere off campus except along the main road near Bryn Mawr, in railroad stations and on trains near Bryn Mawr. More than half the students smoke.

Daisy-Chain—Conditions in other schools:

Vassar (Poughkeepsie, New York): Smoking permitted in dormitory smoking-rooms and bedrooms equipped with regulation ash-trays and waste-baskets, in town buildings with management's consent. Not permitted in dormitory corridors or baths, in public area of campus, before academic buildings. Habit has increased, but a girl's refusal to smoke no longer is embarrassing. Seventy-five per cent. indulge, most inhale.

Smith (Northampton, Massachusetts): Students may smoke in special house-rooms on week-days and, except during chapel, on Sundays when head of house permits, when guests are present; on house porches, athletic field; at Paradise Pond; in infirmary with doctor's permission; in automobile with guests, at off-campus food and drink establishments. Sixty-five per cent. smoke and inhale.

Sweet Briar (Lynchburg, Virginia): Rules relaxing for several years, but smoking is prohibited in "dorms" because of fire-hazard and smokers' need for self-discipline (faculty opinion). Permitted in parlors, recreation-hall, on all except public spots of campus; prohibited in streets, roads and Lynchburg stores except drug stores and restaurants. Offenders lose privilege temporarily. Increase since 1930; girls learn before entering. Athletic instructors indulge. Dean sees no effect on student scholarship.

Mt. Holyoke (Mt. Holyoke, Massachusetts): Smoking in residence-hall smoking-rooms, on Pageant Field, in Wilbur Hall, in town tea-rooms. No smoking in bedrooms because of fire-laws. Breaking rules costs $5 to $10. More than 50 per cent. smoke.

Good Taste—*Mills College* (Oakland, California): Smoking in Woodland and Greek Theaters, student union, hall recreation-rooms. No smoking elsewhere on campus or at social functions; off-campus student's good taste dictates. Rule-violation confines girl to campus for week or two. Habit has increased, but hurts scholarship, officials say, only because of time it wastes.

Ferry Hall (Chicago): Officials make no statement. Near-by source reports school is definitely against smoking, prohibits it on campus, frowns on it in public.

Trinity (Washington, D. C.): Violations, which school says are infrequent, punishable by confinement on campus for indeterminate period. Officials feel smoking lowers athletic and scholarship abilities, say girls who smoked have found this out. Very few girls smoke.

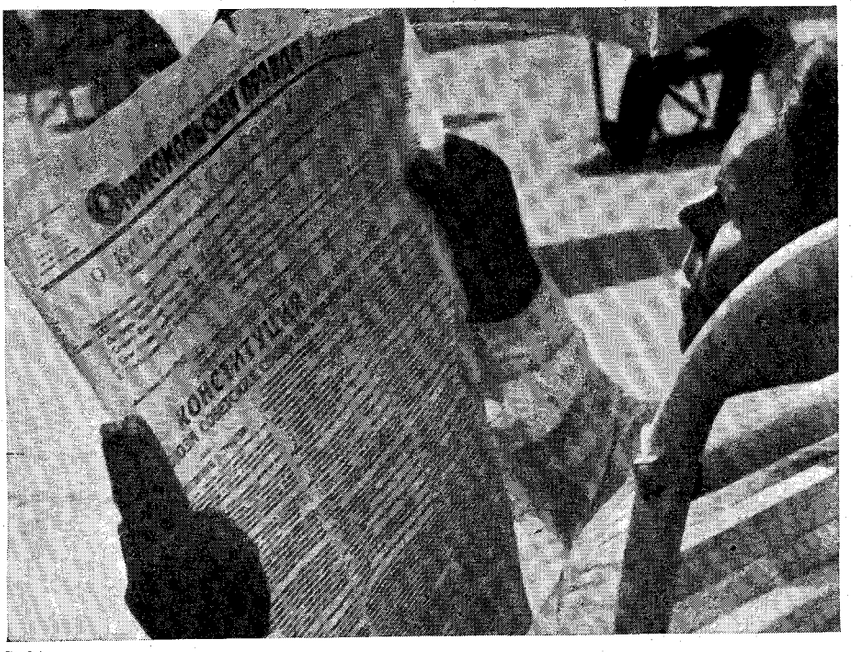
Press

HEAD-LINE FANS: Soviet Union's 9,250 Newspapers Have Thirty-Eight Million Readers

Altho the estimated 80,000,000 literate Russians above school-age may not sit in cafés along the Volga sipping *apéritifs* as do the Parisians along the Seine, or lapping up *kaffee mit Schlagobers** like the Viennese while they peruse the international press, the Soviet citizenry are reported to be the most avid newspaper readers in the world—of their own press.

Like a good many other things in the U.S.S.R., the native press is different. In 1936, 9,250 newspapers of one sort or another were published within Russian borders; almost 38,000,000 persons were believed to have fingered and eyed the

*Coffee with whipped cream.



Sovfoto

A young Russian reads the news written especially for him in "Komsomolskaya Pravda"

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editions. That's quite a difference from the gay and giddy Czarist days of 1913, when 859 newspapers was the maximum publishing quota.

But there aren't enough newspapers. The 1937 Russians want more. Principal reason for the shortage is lack of paper. Experts estimate that if newsprint were plentiful, papers like *Pravda*, ("Truth"), official organ of the Communist Party, and *Izvestia* ("News"), official medium for the Soviet Government, both could increase daily circulation from 1,500,000 to 10,000,000 copies a day.

Contrast—Compared with American circulation figures, these Russian ciphers would be sufficient to send subscription, advertising and editorial department managers into fever-pitches of joy. But the hard-working followers of Marx-Lenin-Stalin look at the entire picture with a different eye. Their approach to the question of newspapers is fundamentally and diametrically opposite to American standards.

Russian newspapers are printed for the good of the readers; not amusement or entertainment. Roughly speaking, the format of American financial sections resembles the front pages of Soviet newspapers. Columns one and two embrace a serious editorial about some important facet of economic life. Records of sowing in sundry parts of the nation or achievements of the *Stakhanovites* are recorded with the regularity of American stock-market reports.

Columns three and four at the top of page one may include a map and a smattering of foreign news. Stories of national interest fill the bottom of the page. In the current Spanish fracas, foreign news often occupies columns five and six as well. Columns seven and eight are devoted to something nationally serious, such as production or distribution or a plan of tractor-work such as appeared on the bottom of columns one and two on *Izvestia's* front page for April 20. A cartoon may accompany a political article or editorial.

Air-Minded—Since Russians are keen aviation enthusiasts, this subject often crashes the front page, even with achievements of foreign fliers.

Izvestia is a large, four-page paper, 26½ inches by 20 in size. *Pravda* has six pages, 23½ by 16½. Both are morning publications. *The Evening Moscow* is somewhat lighter, the nearest approach to a "human-interest" newspaper in Russia. The price of each is ten kopecks—two cents at the erratic rate of exchange recognized by Russia only. Individual copies cost ten cents apiece in this country.

For the same price one can buy the Moscow *Daily News*, printed in English; *Le Journal de Moscou*, in French.

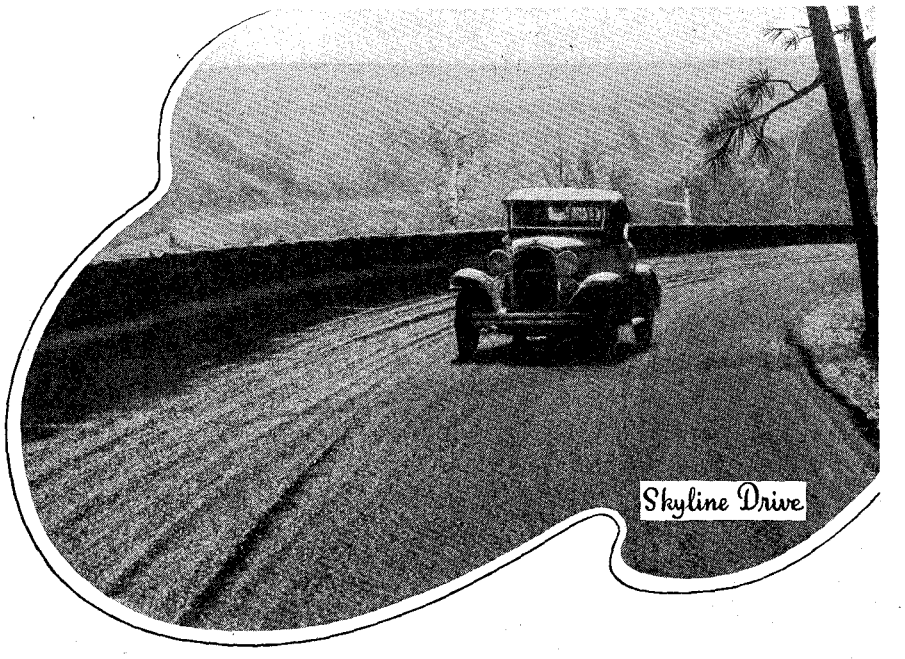
Once again it is necessary to remember that newspapers in Russia are not like newspapers anywhere else. The press always serves as a medium or channel for something or other in the Soviet. One paper represents the Government; another the railroads; still another the Red Army; others the young Communists, tractor stations, industrial trusts or cooperative movements. *The Communist Enlightenment*, for example, is the official organ of the teacher; *The Red Star*, the accepted channel of Army expression. All are house-organs or trade journals, some printed, some multigraphed, some typewritten, some handwritten.

Some papers are four pages, others are just one sheet. Some are distributed by millions of copies; others are tacked on walls, read by thousands in factories and

See this wonderland of the East

VIRGINIA'S

BEAUTIFUL SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

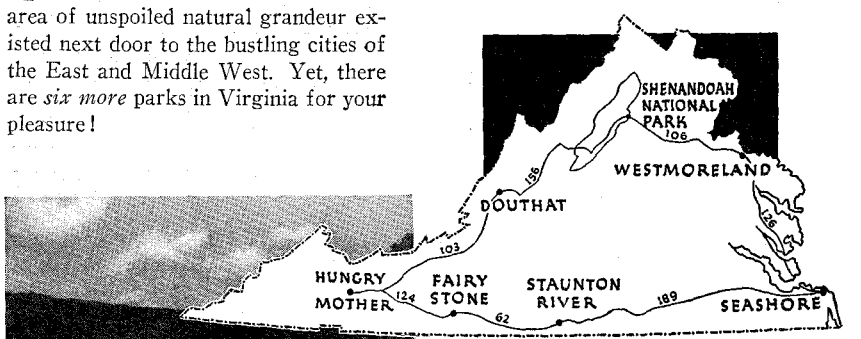


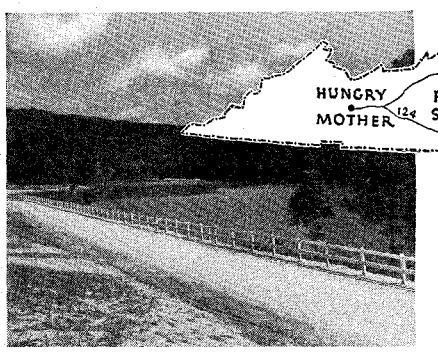
You can "get away from it all"—*completely*—here! Come! Enjoy this magnificent mountain park, dedicated last summer as a playground for the people of America. *Here* is the miracle roadway, "Skyline Drive"—that broad highway running along the very crest of the Blue Ridge. Far below, on one side, the blue and green patchwork that is the Shenandoah Valley . . . on the other, the Piedmont Plain! You wouldn't dream so vast an area of unspoiled natural grandeur existed next door to the bustling cities of the East and Middle West. Yet, there are *six more* parks in Virginia for your pleasure!

Six

STATE PARKS

Each with a scenic charm of its own. So situated that nowhere in the State is the visitor far from one of these beautiful recreation centers.





Write

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plants. Many are published for field-workers; others are distributed from trains at wayside stops.

Event—Last week an official "Press day" was declared as an anniversary of the founding of *Pravda* in 1912—now twenty-five years old and the possessor of one of the most modern and complete printing-plants in the world.

As for the press in general, of the 1936 publications, 1,974 were issued by plants and factories; 2,142 by State farms and machine-tractor stations; 239 by universities. They appear in sixty-nine languages. There are more than 150 languages in Russia now, of which about eighty-eight have accepted alphabets. Of these many have been formed only in recent years, mostly on a Latin basis. Last year, 2,965 papers were published in languages other than Russian.

Parade

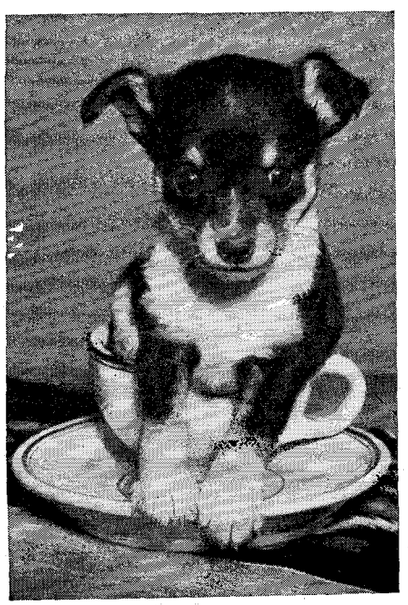
Former preacher, lawyer and lecturer, **Thomas Dixon**, seventy-three-year-old author of "The Clansman," was appointed Clerk of the Eastern North Carolina District Federal Court. Altho he has made huge sums from his writings, lectures and motion-picture royalties ("The Birth of a Nation"), he said he took the job of clerk because he needed the salary as "a backlog of security."

* * *

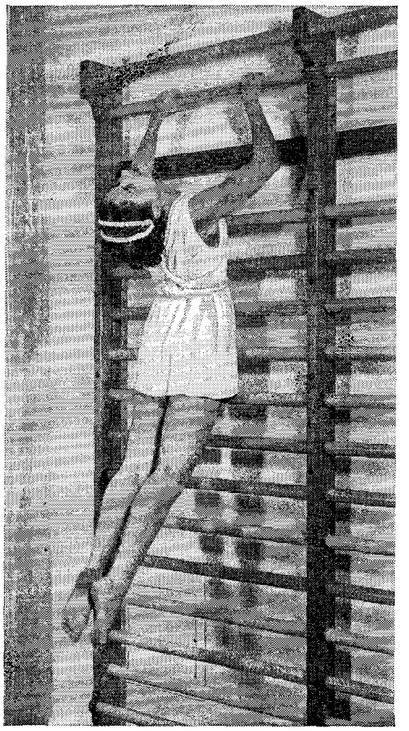
"White suits, whether or not they are immodest, would look terrible coming out of our dirty lake," declared **Mrs. Frank Sotak**, member of the Cleveland Civic Advisory Committee on Beach Attire. So now all white bathing-suits are forbidden at the Lake Erie Water Exposition.

* * *

Don Pete Chihuahua, two-week-old Mexican mascot of the Pan-American Exposition opening in Dallas on June 12, staged a tempest in a teacup recently by taking a *siesta* in a cup. Down Texas way they've already run out of humans to photograph for the shindig.



Don Pete Chihuahua . . . siesta in a cup for an Exposition mascot in Texas



Helena Rubinstein's "Body-Beautiful" enthusiasts chin themselves to stream-lined glory

Latest wrinkle in beauty circles is old-fashioned gym-work for stout matrons. **Helena Rubinstein** has a wide variety of exercising possibilities in her new workout "Body-Beautiful Department." Mme. Olga, Russian gym-instructor, sees to it that plump dowagers chin themselves before taking steam-baths.

* * *

Now that summer is around that corner, **Amos Kubik** of Provincetown, Massachusetts, is in training for his warm-weather job as official Town-Crier for roistering artists and writers. To protect his mitts against callouses when swinging his four-pound dinner-bell and shouting out public events, he bathes them daily with salt sea-water. In his youth a national single-scull champion, Kubik now walks several miles a day, signs a few autograph-books for summer visitors.

* * *

For next year's Columbia students who wish to learn about Spanish culture, **Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler** announces that Dr. Ramon Menendez Fidal, Professor of Romance Philology at the University of Madrid (when in session), will be a visiting professor. Called "the greatest living Spanish scholar," Doctor Fidal will give a lecture course on "The History of the Spanish Language" and a seminar for research students on "Problems of the Epic and the Ballad."

* * *

Haruko Katayama, 100-year-old Japanese dancer, still is an active participant in dances she originates and teaches hundreds of geisha girls for the Kyoto spring spectacle "The Cherry Dance." She holds her youthfulness is due to her diet of fried eels eaten daily for fifty years, sometimes at all three meals. She usually drinks one quart of *sake* (rice-wine) a day, altho at times beer is substituted.

* * *

The only candidate ever to have campaigned personally for the Vice Presidency, **Maj. George L. Berry**, last week took another jump up in his job career. In 1924 he was defeated as an aspirant for Vice President at the Democratic National Convention. He was appointed last week by Gov. Gordon Browning of Tennessee to succeed the late Nathan L. Bachman in the United States Senate. Major Berry is President of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union and Federal Industrial Coordinator. He also is a close adviser of President Roosevelt on labor problems, supports the Chief Executive's Court-reorganization plan. He is a large landowner in East Tennessee and independently wealthy.

* * *

"Modern art schools in China are developing sloppy painters," declared **Yang Ling-fu**, Chinese artist, philanthropist and poet now visiting this country. "There is no drawing any more. Very few people in China agree with me. They want the new. Much of the old life was not good, it is true, but in emulating the Western world in painting, China is the loser."

* * *

Deems Taylor, music critic and composer, has formed the Allied Arts Productions, Inc., plans to introduce to the movies serious musical works and, "ultimately," grand opera. "Of course, we couldn't expect them to have as wide an appeal as a picture with Jean Harlow," he admitted.

* * *

Dean Emeritus **M. Anstice Harris** of Elmira College adds thirty-five years to Walter B. Pitkin's dictum that "life begins at forty." Now retired at seventy-five, she has taken up palet and brush. "I've always wanted to paint," she says, "but I've never before had the time. The career of an artist is a full-time occupation and demands undivided concentration."

* * *

With eastern American League baseball-teams on their initial western invasion, the status of **Robert William Andrew Feller**, eighteen-year-old Cleveland pitcher, was being watched by experts. With most of the batters hitting like fury in the junior league, Feller's strike out ability would face a gruelling test. Big Jarge Moriarity, umpire, was loud in praise. "That kid

Pictures, Inc.

Bob Feller . . . praise hasn't affected his mien

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Feller's got more stuff than Walter Johnson ever had. Much better curve-ball. The kid's got a way of throwing the ball so that his uniform is always the background . . . the batter can't see the ball." Meanwhile, Feller took all comment in his stride, wrote his biography for a syndicate.

Nature

DUSTY SHOES: Hiking in America Booms; Yosians Began as a Newspaper Stunt

Blossom-strewn trails from the Appalachians to the Sierra Nevadas resounded this week to the tramp of thousands of foot-loose woodland strollers. From coast to coast balmy days brought out in full force that army of hikers who constitute what is not generally known to be one of the strongest and most popular branches of organized outdoor sports.

Ernest Dench Photograph

Nothing hinders metropolitan hiker . . . solve your problem by bringing it along

Given a fillip by the depression's leisure days, driven off the highroad by the impetuous auto, organized hiking to-day is the pleasure of 150,000 Americans in 209 clubs. And judging by the increasing numbers met on the trail, there are at least another 200,000 free-lances.

Full-fledged hikers are pouring out from eastern colleges every year. They belong to twenty-five clubs, with a membership aggregating 10,000. Linked with the Intercollegiate Outing Club Association, these groups are a development of the past six years.

Blooming—As a matter of fact, Ernest A. Dench, nationally known nature writer and hiking expert, and others predict that the sport will soon fall into the hands of commercial interests, be subjected like skiing to promotional campaigns. Trail-shelters are going up, youth hostels mushrooming, clubs already are importing botanists and other nature experts on trips.

Hiking was launched as a major sport in the early 1920's. This period marked the decline of main highway walking and the rise of trail trips. Previously, only the more venturesome trampers had sampled these isolated scenic delights.

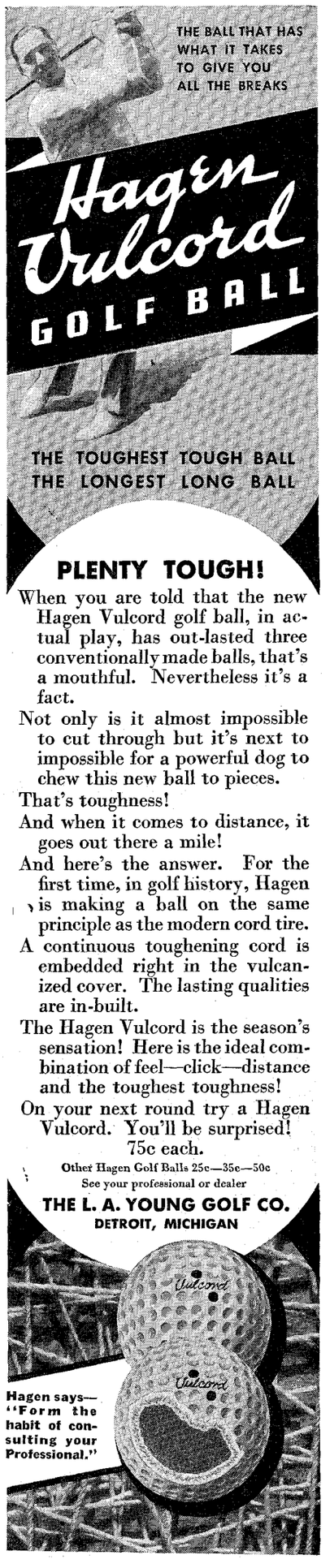
Born organizers appeared at the right time and the clubs and regional trail-administrative associations, coupled with the CCC, combined to build the thousands of miles of cut-trail which now intersect most of the nation's mountain chains and public reservations.

Systems—To-day, the activity backbone of each of the two seaboards is a trunk trail which came into existence after many of the local trail systems were in use. For instance, the Appalachian Trail (Maine to Georgia, 2,050 miles) "borrows" parts of the Long Trail of Vermont, the Appalachian Mountain Club system in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and also some of the lesser-known links in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The Pacific Crest Trail System, composed of seven major local trails extending from the Canadian to the Mexican borders—2,300 miles in all—is routed mainly through national, State and county forests and parks.

Biggest hiking seasons are spring and fall, tho last winter the walkers never stopped. Summer is too hot for many hikers. Most popular hikes are half-day or day ones. Some clubs take week-end, overnight, week tours and one of the old, wealthy-membered clubs sponsors an occasional trip through Norway, the Alps or Germany.

Trails—Chief hiking activity, however, is the Sunday trip. National trunk-trails do, at some points, come within reasonably easy distance (but not too close) of populous centers, thus enabling the one-day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THE LONGEST LONG BALL
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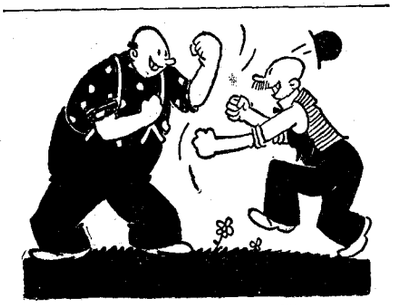

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

tripper to enter a mountain pass in the morning and make an exit through another valley in the early evening. For those who like to work out varied combinations, there are innumerable side-trails. As a good example of this, it is possible in the trail-systems within thirty to fifty miles of New York City to hike every Sunday in the year without duplicating a single mile.

It is not only possible, it is actually done by New York's—and for that matter, the nation's—"grand old man" of hiking, J. Otis Swift, whose Yosians are the world's premier trail-trampers organization. Short, wiry, a Yankee who was born in the composing-room of his grandfather's newspaper in Farmington Falls, Maine, Mr. Swift thought up the Yosians while writing a pint-sized editorial page column for the now-defunct New York *World*. In it he chronicled his woodside wanderings, interspersed with homely philosophy.

Stunt—Requests from readers that he show them the nature-wonders he wrote about brought the first walk. Twelve attended. Soon Sunday walks of from seventy-five to 100 persons became a regular thing; and when Mr. Swift went over to New York's *World-Telegram*, where he writes to-day, it sponsored the idea as a promotion stunt.

To-day, at sixty-six, Mr. Swift is a bit sentimental about his Yosian friends, leads Sunday afternoon walks (1 P.M. to dark) for about seventy-five to 300 and records their wanderings and thoughts. The entire Brotherhood claims 110,000 members.

A sailor became a member in New York, established Yosian groups at every port on his way around the world. Others soon sprang up in India and Japan, Honolulu, France, England.

Cupid's Helper—Mr. Swift takes the names of everybody he can nab on his tramps. Until he got tired of counting them a few years ago, he had found seventy-five marriages between couples who had met while hiking. But most Yosians know each other only afield, or to say "Hello" on the streets. They escape from their daily lives on these trips, forget their worries, or talk about the woods, but not themselves.

Going to the woods is going back to the natural habitat of our bodies, hike leaders say. Modern life puts minds under a terrific strain, whereas they were intended for a passive life out-of-doors.

Hiking also is said to be good for the eyes, which get weak and nervous from looking at things close by in town. The "green twilight" of the forest rests them. Also, hiking firms flabby muscles, improves the wind and adds to the general poise.

Time Out—Real hikers pay little attention to rules about how to walk except the general one, "Don't overexert yourself, rest when you get tired." Yosians, for example, usually sit four or five minutes every mile. They wear old clothes, preferably short jackets instead of coats, low-heeled substantial shoes, often go bareheaded.

Sports

BRITAIN'S NEW MONARCH PLAYS GAME

George VI Follows Royal Tradition in Athletic Activities

"Go on, push like hell!" bellowed the Etonian, jabbing a shoulder into the back of a gaunt team-mate who was flattened against the huge leather ball they were trying to shove down field.

"But I am pushing like hell," protested the gaunt one, lunging harder than ever.

This week the Eton boy and many another Briton retold the incident of last summer with keen satisfaction as they saw the lanky push-ball player hailed by Coronation crowds as "George VI, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

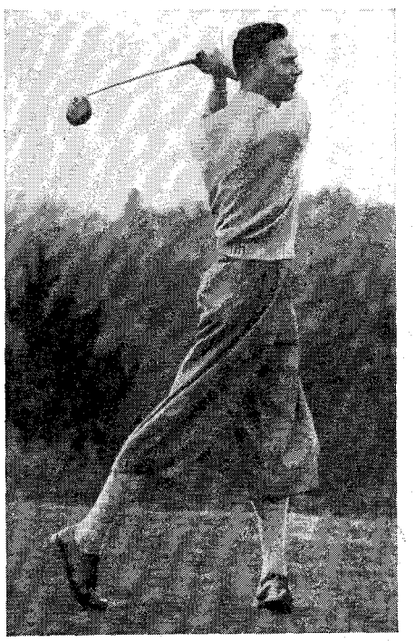
Hard Worker—The story, told of the then Duke of York during his annual visit to the boys' camp he founded in 1921 near New Romney, Kent, and christened "Play the Game," is typical of the new King. In sports, as in most other activities, George VI has been "pushing like hell" since he was a boy.

A semi-invalid as a youngster, at forty-one he certainly is the most physically fit, possibly the best all-round sportsman of the Royal Family.

Like the celebrated stammer which he overcame largely by sheer persistence, Britain's King fought against natural shyness and recurring abdominal ailments during his youth to become a better-than-average cricketer and the only British royalty ever to play in the lawn-tennis championships at Wimbledon.

Classmates at Osborne Naval College remember "Bertie" as a persistent, if not particularly gifted, athlete. His father, the late George V, and his elder brother, Edward, now Duke of Windsor, were first-rate cricketers.

"Bertie" wasn't. But he used to go off



Wide World

England's King uses a right hand in golf . . .

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by himself and practise bowling and batting, hour after hour.

One afternoon on the Windsor Castle playing-field he "bowled out" with successive pitches his father, Edward, and his cousin, Prince Arthur of Connaught, a cricket feat known as the "hat-trick" and equivalent, in baseball, to striking out three men with the bases full. No other member of British royalty ever has accomplished the "hat-trick."

Always conscious of physical failings which frequently caused semibreakdowns, twice necessitated nearly fatal operations for perforated duodenal ulcers, the young Prince was delighted by every chance to show he "could take it."

At Osborne, playing on a Rugby football-team representing his ship, H.M.S. *Collingwood,* he was tackled heavily by two burly stokers.

Spectators, team-mates and opponents waited breathlessly as the Prince painfully picked himself off the ground. Instead of showing annoyance at the unnecessarily rough handling, "Bertie" grinned from ear to ear. He could take it.

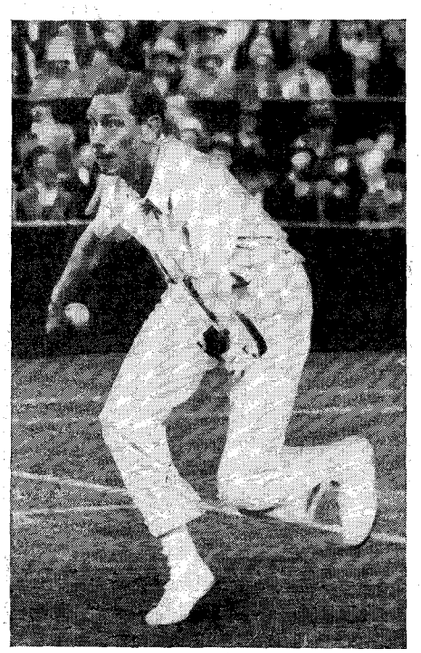
Tradition—Mainly for reasons of policy, all male members of Britain's Royal Family are schooled in virtually every form of sport. From infancy they are taught all the better-known games, constantly are trained in the vaunted British theories that "the sport's the thing," that every one on the field is equal and that team-spirit is more important than victory.

Because of the attendant publicity, it is almost a tradition of the Royal House that no member shall become too proficient at any sport. It hardly would be "the thing," Britons feel, to have a prince of the blood as open golf or Wimbledon tennis champion.

When he was Duke of York, the new King's tennis was not of Wimbledon caliber, never was a threat to the tradition of royalty.

A left-hander, his backhand was weak, his service poor, altho he was credited with being a "useful man at the net."

In 1926, the Duke became the only member of royalty to play in the All-England championships. His partner in the men's doubles was his one-time Equerry and present Chairman of the All-England Club, Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig. In the first round they played Herbert Roper-Barrett, now Britain's non-playing Davis Cup captain, and A. W. Gore, three-time singles champion. The Duke and Greig were defeated, 6–1, 6–3, 6–2.



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a left hand in tennis with equal ability

At golf, which, unlike tennis, he plays right-handed, the former Duke of York was as good as his famed golfing brother, the Duke of Windsor, and has the same handicap of eleven strokes.

In a high wind at Scotland's St. Andrews course, celebrated as the most difficult in the world, the present King once turned in an eighty-three net, only seven over par.

Captain—Like the Duke of Windsor, he was appointed Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club for one year, 1930-'31. According to time-honored custom, he "drove himself in" from the first tee.

Caddies, remembering that the year before, Edward, overcome by nerves, had fluffed his drive a few yards, spread out about 100 yards from the tee, ready to return the ball to the new Captain and thereby receive the traditional reward of a sovereign.

Ordinarily weak with wooden clubs, the then Duke of York smacked out a 200-yard drive dead on the pin, starting one of the fiercest caddie races and "scrums" for the ball in St. Andrews' history.

At least partial credit for the new King's swimming ability is claimed by Fred A. Plater of Warren, Ohio, a former British seaman disabled in the Battle of Jutland (in which the young Prince participated as a midshipman). In 1910, Plater instructed "Bertie" and Edward at a British naval swimming-tank, Devonport Base.

"Edward used to look on and tease his younger brother while I gave his lessons," said Plater.

Growing Old—His active playing days over as far as most strenuous games are concerned, the new King is mainly interested in field-sports.

Just as with many other characteristics of his father, he has inherited marked skill at shooting.

During his lifetime, George V was one of the best shots in Britain. Like his father, who took meticulous pains to educate him and his three brothers in the use of guns, George VI uses a square stance, with his left arm far forward and almost perfectly straight.

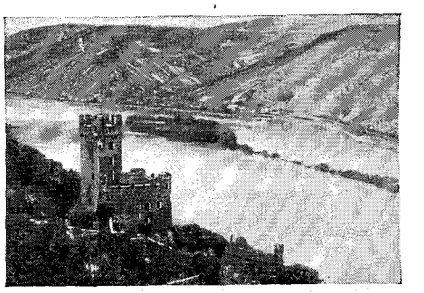
In recent years he has shot regularly in Scotland at Glamis, home of the Queen's parents, and Balmoral.

The last three seasons he has shot over the famous moors leased by J. Pierpont Morgan and capable of yielding 500 brace of grouse a day.

Estates—At Balmoral, where, in 1911, he brought down his first stag, there is first-class deer-stalking as well as grouse-shooting. At Sandringham, the King's other "private home," he is anxious to develop the natural resources for wild-fowling.

After their marriage in 1923, the former Duke and Duchess of York went to the Kenya Colony, British East Africa. The Duke brought down a rare specimen of the white rhinoceros. On the way home, he stopped off at the small island of Great Hanish in the Red Sea and shot an equally rare Arabian gazelle.

Never particularly adept at polo, nor keen for hell-for-leather steeplechase riding which attracted Edward's enthusiasm,



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the new King rides well, likes nothing better than a canter in Windsor Great Park on his favorite mount, Vain Bachelor, usually accompanied by Princess Elizabeth on her snow-white pony.

Racer—As Duke of York, he registered official racing-colors of scarlet, royal blue sleeves with hoops and black cap, but never used them. As King, he automatically became leading patron of the turf and, since his accession, has shown indications that he intends to return the royal stables to the cherished glories of King Edward VII's reign.

George V was an unlucky owner; ex-King Edward VIII was not especially interested in flat racing.

This year, the royal stables, managed by fifty-six-year-old former Irish Guards Capt. Charles Moore, have eighteen horses in training.

Best of the King's eleven two-year-olds is Jubilee, which won its first two races this season and may be a strong contender for next year's Derby.

A favorite game among English schoolboys is "conkers." A conker, or chestnut, is threaded on a long string. The object is to strike your opponent's conker with yours until one of them breaks. At his boys' camp, George VI is regarded as a first-rate conker-player.

The new King also is skilled at ping-pong, which, with walking and horseback riding, formed the bulk of his physical training routine for the Coronation.

DON'T THINK: Strokes in Golfing Should Be Natural, "Pros" Advise in New Book

Like the unfortunate hillbilly who wore a knee-length beard in innocent contentment for twenty years, then worried himself into insanity when asked whether he slept with it on top of or beneath the sheets, the average golfer's main trouble is mental.

Addressing the ball, he usually runs through a dozen or more rules: left arm stiff, wrists cocked, right leg braced, left knee flexed, eye on the ball, *etc., etc.* Then, after hooking, slicing, topping, or completely missing the ball, he tries to dope out "what's wrong."

And that, insists Ernest Jones* in his book, "Swinging Into Golf," published last week (Whittlesey House, $2), is the biggest mistake most golfers make. Instead of analyzing the bad shots, they should try to discover what produced the good one even a fourth-rate duffer occasionally makes.

Rule—A golf instructor for twenty years, most of which have been spent as professional at the Woman's National Golf and Tennis Club, Glenhead, Long Island, Jones has become famous for his "swing the club-head" method of teaching. As in current music, swing's the thing in golf. Forget all the do's and don't's, says Jones, and learn how to swing.

The true swing must be learned through feel rather than sight. You can't get it by watching some one else. For what looks like a swing is often an application of the principle of leverage.

"In a swing," writes Jones, "the connecting medium between the power and the object swung has both ends moving always in the same direction. In levering, the two ends of the medium move always in opposite directions."

Teacher—How to acquire a true swinging movement? Jones teaches it with a pocket-knife attached to one corner of a handkerchief.

Hold the handkerchief by the opposite corner. Then swing the knife back and forth. In a true swing, the knife at the end of the handkerchief exerts a steady pull. As long as the swinging motion is continued, the handkerchief will stay taut.

If leverage is applied, the feel of the weight is not a steady pull, but a jerky, irregular motion. And the handkerchief doesn't stay taut.

Feeling—When the swinger has learned to recognize the true swinging movement, he should try swinging the weighted handkerchief and a club at the same time. Eventually, he will recognize the feel of a true swing in the club-head itself, without the guidance of the handkerchief.

Once you get the swing, trust it. If you happen to go slightly off line, don't try changing the position or action of the hands. Just keep on swinging and your game will come back.

During his amazing career as a competitive player, the celebrated Bobby Jones probably had more faith in his swing than any other top-flight golfer. When he was off line, he never tried to introduce corrective measures through conscious manipulation in making a stroke. And, in eleven United States Open championships in which he took part, the Atlanta player never once scored as high as eighty.

Like Walking—The hardest thing is eliminating mental effort in swinging. You can't deliberately think out a swing movement. You've got to do it automatically. Practise has two main objectives: to train the muscles to follow a natural, swinging "groove"; and to train the mind to think of nothing but "sensing the feel of the swing."

Some shots in a round of golf have to be played from odd positions. A "swing" can be executed from any position, so long as the player has the "feel" of it. Ernest Jones, for instance, can sit in a chair and drive a golf-ball 200 yards.

What if you go off your game completely? Jones recommends checking on three things: see that the club is held correctly; see that you are standing properly; make a smooth, free swing.

Grip—There are three accepted methods of gripping a club. Jones recommends the overlap. In the overlap grip, the thumb of the left hand extends diagonally across the shaft, and the pad of the thumb of the right hand rests on it. The little finger of the right hand is lapped over the forefinger of the left.

In the interlock grip, the thumb of the left hand extends across the shaft in back of the right. The little finger of the right hand is interlocked with the forefinger of the left hand.

In the natural grip, the hands are free, with no interlocking or overlapping. The fingers of both hands have relatively the same position on opposite sides of the shaft.

The club should not really be "gripped," but held just securely enough to insure control over it.

Balance—As for stance, again there are three types. Jones advises the square stance, because it provides true balance and allows the body to turn freely in both directions. In the square stance, the toes of both feet are on a line parallel with the line of play.

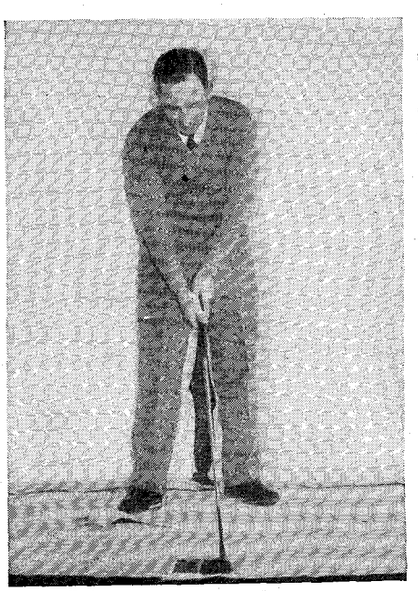
In the open stance, the left foot is drawn back from the line of play. The closed stance has the left foot advanced nearer the line. Good golf can be played from any one of the three. Choose the most comfortable one.

The stance should give a feeling of ease and comfort. The legs should be practically straight at the knees, but relaxed, never stiff nor rigid. The distance between feet is roughly that between the shoulders. In the matter of how far from the ball to stand, the club must be considered. Place the club-head in back of the ball, then take your stance. Never take your position first and then reach out for the ball.

The body is held reasonably erect, with just a slight forward bend. The most common error is bending too much.

Once you have learned the most comfortable position for you, forget it. And swing. But don't think about that, either. It's just like walking.

*Coauthor, Innis Brown.



Courtesy Whittlesey House

Ernest Jones: A handkerchief weighted at one corner and swung with the club . . .

should describe a smooth, unbroken arc when a golfer has mastered the ideal "swing"

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Off-Side

Liver—While alcohol contributes much to human liver disturbances, University of Minnesota biologists are perplexed by the way rabbits come down with similar ills. In some mysterious way the wild snow-shoe variety get "sugar shock" every ten years, many die.

* * *

Sentence—"He should be shot at sunrise," commented Canadian Supreme Court Justice A. M. Manson, referring to the person responsible for the name of the British Columbia Lower Mainland Dairy Products Board. His Honor went New Deal on the organization, abbreviated the title to BCLMDPB.

* * *

History—English history-teachers are tearing their hair these days because of the evil influence of the cinema. At a recent meeting of the London School Board, Cecil Hunt told of a few "howlers" given out by pupils. Most flagrant "boner" was the innocent answer that Benjamin Disraeli "was the first great British statesman to become a film star."

* * *

Knobs—Ever-solicitous of the welfare of the citizenry, police officials of Walla Walla, Washington, have removed the door-knobs from the inside of the city's Black Marias. Reason given was that inebriates forever were opening the doors, falling down, "going boom" and injuring themselves as well as messing up the city streets.

* * *

Sitters—A score of Zanesville, Ohio, housewives rushed the office of the town's Service Director and refused to budge. They complained about Pine Street's dirt, saying they had to clean house every time an auto passed. To show their disgust with dust, they polished up the official's chair and window-sills.

* * *

Watchers—Lee Foy left two watch-dogs to guard his home at Waukesha, Wisconsin. Returning from Milwaukee next day, he reported that thieves had stolen the dogs.

* * *

Animals—Odd domestic goings-on in the animal kingdom were reported from Fairfax, Oklahoma, recently. Having just given birth to nine kittens, a cat went foraging, brought home a rabbit, which became a member of the brood. On the first moving-day of the family, a neighboring bull-snake took a fancy to the rabbit, slithered away under a feed-bin with the cottontail.

* * *

Ice—It's all right to sell frozen food, but when the Mayor finds ice-cubes in the tummy of his grouse, a halt must be called. Mayor C. R. Anderson of Winchester, Virginia, bought a plump bird, was horrified to discover a frozen interior with icebergs solidly entrenched.

* * *

Children—Her nineteenth child at thirty-eight is the record of Mrs. Roy Hostetler of Collier, Pennsylvania. Her husband is forty-two. Of the nineteen, thirteen children are living.

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AMERICAN PAY-ENVELOPS ARE FATTER

Market-Baskets Piled Higher; Real Wages Above Europe's

Altho the exact number of jobless Americans remained hidden behind a giant question-mark last week, little mystery surrounded the relative well-being of men who had jobs. Wage-earners in manufacturing industries were sitting relatively pretty, were opening weekly pay-envelops to find $1.16 to every $1 found last year.* More important, their increasing wages were outstripping the rising costs of groceries, housing and clothes which their wages had to buy.

While the wage-earner spends twelve and one-half cents more of each dollar for rent than he did last year and seven and one-half cents more a dollar for food, his wife can figure that she need spend only six cents more a dollar for living-costs than in 1936. If the wage-earner wishes to cheer himself still more, he has only to consider the current cost of living as twelve cents less a dollar than it was in booming 1929, while weekly wages have regained all but 3.7 cents a dollar of 1929 wages.

Putting all these figures together, the wage-earner and his wife bump up against the phenomenon of *real wages* (purchasing power of money wages), find that the combination of rising wages and lagging living-costs permits them to buy $1.10 worth of goods for every $1 of goods they were able to buy a year ago and about $1.09½ of goods for every dollar's worth of goods which they could have bought in 1929.

Better Off—Above all, this increasing purchasing-power permits the American wage-earner to tighten his grip on leadership in world wages and hours.

To provide a picture of the relative well-being of the world's wage-earners, the International Labor Office of the League of Nations recently published statistics on earnings and hours of workers in seventy-two cities in twenty-three countries. League experts first set down wages and hours, then inquired into the cost of foodstuffs to obtain a rough picture of purchasing-power. Experts compiled a theoretical food-basket containing fourteen types of provisions most commonly used in the countries surveyed.

Into the basket went:

Bread	8.25 pounds
Wheat-flour	2.00
Butter	.425
Beef	1.125
Mutton	.25
Pork	.50
Bacon	.375
Potatoes	4.50
Sugar	1.125
Coffee or Tea	.20
Cheese	.25
Milk	2½ quarts
Eggs	3 (in number)
Rice	.50 pound

By obtaining the cost of this basket in a specific city and then estimating the hours of labor required by specified workmen to earn it, a rough estimate of comparative purchasing-power was gleaned for twenty-three nations.

Contrasts—In Chicago, for instance, League of Nations investigators found that the basket of food costs an average of $2.18.* A Chicago metal-worker operating a lathe at ninety-five cents an hour can buy a little less than half a basket with his hour's labor. His forty-hour work-week permits him to buy a little more than seventeen baskets of provisions. In Lodz, Poland, the man at the lathe who receives fifteen cents an hour can buy a Lodz basket of provisions for $1.09. Yet, even at this price, the Polish worker can buy only one-seventh of a basket for his hour's labor. At the end of his forty-six hour week, he can have six baskets, about a third of what the Chicago metal-worker can buy for only forty hours of work. (About 33 per cent. of the wage-earner's budget is devoted to foodstuffs.)

In London, the lathe-workers' thirty-five cents an hour can buy one-fifth of a provision-basket which costs $1.65. With the $16.45 which he gets for forty-seven hours' labor a week he can buy ten baskets. A metal-worker in San Francisco earning $1 an hour can buy eighteen baskets at $2.42 each with his forty-four-hour week pay envelop.

In Vienna, the metal-worker earns twenty-two cents an hour and since his food-basket costs him $1.87, he can buy five and one-half baskets with the proceeds of his forty-eight hours of weekly labor. The New York City metal-worker receiving $1 an hour and paying $2.33 a basket would have seventeen baskets at the end of his forty-hour week.

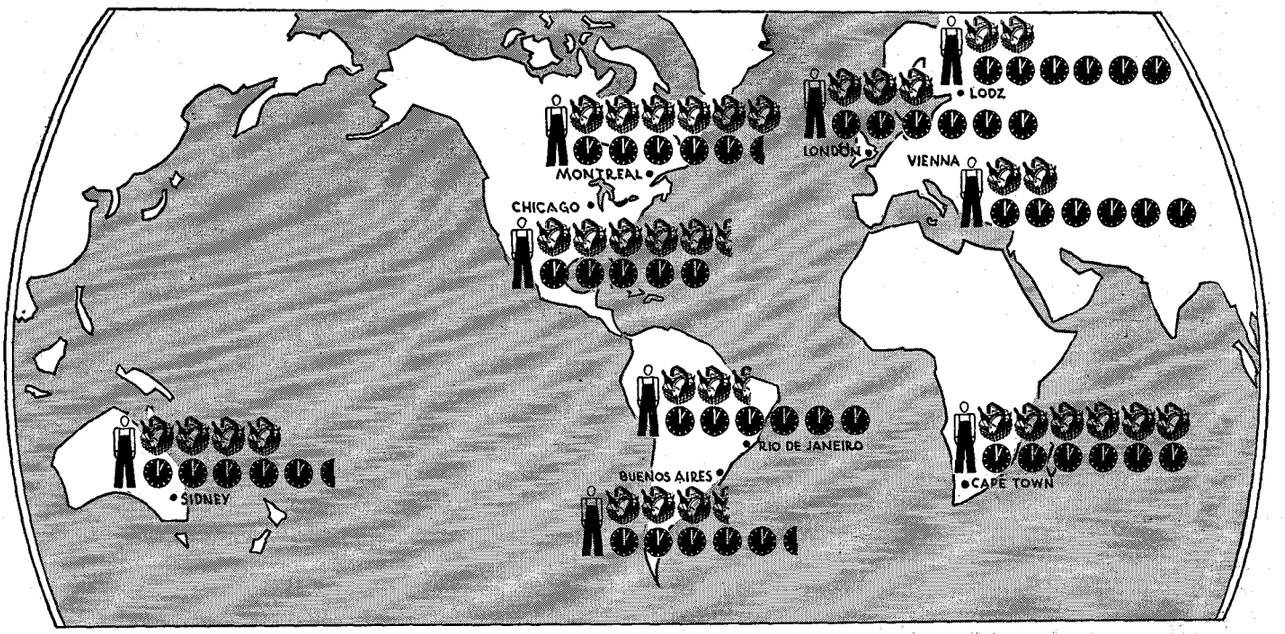
Canada—In Montreal, which approximates American standards, the lathe-worker gets seventy cents an hour and with the proceeds of his forty-four-hour week can buy almost nineteen baskets. In Denver, the metal-worker gets ninety cents for an hour's work and at the end of his forty-four-hour week can buy more than eighteen baskets costing $2.15 each.

Consider a bus-driver: In New Orleans he gets thirty-eight cents an hour or $18.24 for a forty-eight-hour week. His week's wages can fetch eight baskets costing $2.21 each. In Brussels, the bus-driver earns twenty cents an hour and at the end of his forty-eight-hour week can buy almost seven baskets costing $1.39 each.

In Bordeaux, France, a bus-driver counts $11.04 in his pay-envelop at the end of his forty-eight-hour week. This can buy

*National Industrial Conference Board figures for March, 1937, latest available.

*In October, 1936. The League of Nations warns that the foodstuff-yardstick is, at best, only a very rough measuring-rod because of varying quality of the articles and because of varying requirements of working-class families in different countries. Reduction of foreign into American currencies is based on average 1936 rates of exchange.



Literary Digest Chart

HOW MUCH DOES A METAL-WORKER'S WEEKLY WAGE BUY?

Each symbol represents a basket of foodstuffs (ratio one to three as compared with League of Nations figures). Each clock represents eight hours of work

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him six and one-half baskets of provisions costing $1.67 each. In St. Louis, a bus-driver counts $29.25 in his pay-envelop at the end of a forty-five-hour week, can buy twelve and one-half baskets costing $2.30 each.

In Dublin, the Irish bus-driver puts in forty-eight hours for a $16.32 wage, can buy more than eight baskets costing $1.91 each. The Boston bus-driver receiving $36 for a forty-eight-hour week can buy almost sixteen baskets costing $2.26 each.

Oven-Men—Take the baker: In Stockholm, he earns $17.76 for a forty-eight-hour week, can buy nine baskets costing $1.83 each. In San Francisco, working for ninety-five cents an hour, he earns $34.20 for a thirty-six-hour week, can buy almost fifteen baskets costing $2.42 each.

At the bottom of the world, in Sydney, Australia, the baker sells his labor for $21.12 for a forty-four-hour week, which permits him to buy eleven baskets of provisions costing $1.85 each. A Philadelphia baker earns seventy-two cents an hour, or $28.80 for a forty-hour week and can buy twelve baskets at $2.35 each.

A bricklayer in Los Angeles receives $40 for a forty-hour week. With it he can buy eighteen League of Nations food-baskets costing $2.24. In Zagreb, Yugoslavia, the bricklayer's eighteen-cents-an-hour wage comes to $10.80 for a sixty-hour week, and he can buy nine baskets costing $1.22 each.

MUG O' JAVA: Average "Diner" Check Is Twenty Cents, But It's Big Business

With one-arm lunch-wagons, wily drys of a half century ago set out to deal *John Barleycorn* a body-blow.

Perambulating eating-places on wheels, known as Night Owls because they did business mainly at night, already were dispensing frankfurters and chicken sandwiches in Worcester, Massachusetts, and New York City. Sly ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union bought several of these, baited them with flaky pie and rich coffee to lure tippling males from liquor-dispensing eating-haunts.

John Barleycorn survived this flank-attack. The lunch-wagon in turn outlived its antiwet rôle, blossomed into an American institution.

Daily, more than 1,200,000 Americans clamber up the stoops of about 4,000 "diners"—so-called because they resemble dining-cars—spotted on corner lots and on roadsides throughout the country. If you joined diner devotees at a quick "cup o' java," you'd find, if it were daytime, that you were rubbing shoulders mostly with horny-handed men in denim. If it were before dawn, you might be rubbing shoulders with men in tails, homeward bound from a night of revelry.

In any case, you probably would be eating in a diner that had come from Elizabeth, New Jersey, where Jerry O'Mahony, the "Diner King," produces more than half of America's new diners annually.

Beginning—Twenty-four years ago, O'Mahony, then twenty-nine, turned up his nose at the diners of his time, decided that money could be made by building bigger and handsomer lunch-wagons. He gave up his job as manager of several New Jersey hotels, invested his modest capital in a small workshop. In its initial year, 1913, Jerry O'Mahony, Inc., grossed $1,380. Fifteen years later, in 1928, O'Mahony manufactured 184 diners, sold them for $1,500,000. Last week, craftsmen in the factory were pursuing a schedule that would yield some eighty diners for the year.

Each lunch-wagon is built like a one-story house. Presses stamp out the steel frame. Carpenters, cabinetmakers and painters do the rest. Diners reach the buyer complete with pots and pans, refrigerators, steam-tables, dishes, menu signs—and advice from Jerry O'Mahony. This advice from the "Diner King," who is stocky, round-faced and devotes five days a week to golf, is important for several reasons.

The most important is that seven of every ten diner *entrepreneurs* are not seasoned restaurant men at all. Most likely they are former salesmen, advertising copywriters, dentists and men, generally, whom industry has scrapped because they are over forty. Many started with little capital but with a big desire to own their own business.

Cost—From the diner company directly or from its five salesmen, each of whom covers five States, the prospective operator learns that he can buy a lunch-wagon for $8,000 to $10,000, can pay 25 per cent. down, take three years to pay the rest.

He can, if he likes, go down to the factory, choose one of four colors (green and white, orange and black, ivory are most popular). If he asks for new gadgets or radical departures from standard makes he will find the O'Mahony company unsympathetic. Departure from patterns which have differed little for twenty-five years increases construction costs.

Once the deal is made, the O'Mahony company dispatches a man to study the customer's location. The site-finder surveys the traffic flowing past the contemplated spot, inquires into the spending habits of the neighborhood, keeps an eye peeled for diners already in the neighborhood, for the company wants to avoid competing with old customers.

Haulage—When the location is approved, the owner waits excitedly for the arrival of his diner. It arrives perched on a truck-trailer, is hoisted by a derrick and lowered on the cement or brick foundation. If the owner lives in the Midwest or West the haulage charge may come to $1,000. To haul a diner by truck from New Jersey to New York usually requires passage through the Holland Tunnel (beneath the Hudson River) at the cost of a $100 toll. Most diners are sold in New England. They are penetrating the West, however, and O'Mahony diners have been sold in Missouri and Minnesota.

The company's interest in its customer does not end with the choice of location and the shipping of the lunch-wagon. If the owner wonders why, he will be told that O'Mahony hates to take back diners and therefore wants to see his clients succeed. As a matter of fact, only 2 per cent. fail, and those that do may get O'Mahony's help in moving to new locations.

The "Diner King" counsels buyers of his diners to brew good coffee, slice generous slabs of pie, devote love and care to juicy hamburgers smothered in onions. The average check, the operator learns, amounts to twenty cents. But if he pays some attention to his "blue plates" he will be punching thirty-five to fifty-cent checks for roast beef and spaghetti, pork chops and sweet potatoes as well.

People no longer frequent diners because

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NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is a monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Biggest value ever offered in a sporting magazine.

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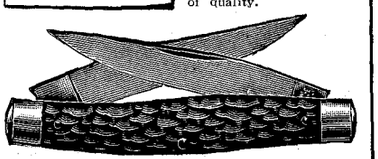

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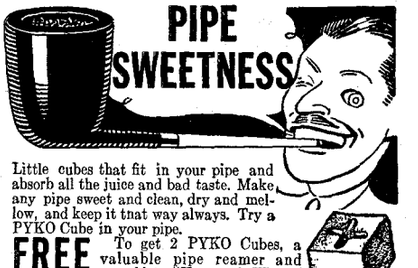
PIPE SWEETNESS



Little cubes that fit in your pipe and absorb all the juice and bad taste. Make any pipe sweet and clean, dry and mellow, and keep it that way always. Try a PYKO Cube in your pipe.

FREE To get 2 PYKO Cubes, a valuable pipe reamer and pamphlet, "How and Why of Pipe Smoking," send this ad and 3c in stamps, to cover mailing costs to PYKO, Dept. D3, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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W. S. Knudsen, G.M.'s "Hurry Up" Boy . . .

of moderate prices alone, the "Diner King" says. They like to see their food cooked before their eyes and O'Mahony cautions operators to make that cooking process as attractive as possible. The average diner seats thirty persons and feeds about 300 daily. If the operator has a suitable stand (rents run from $25 to $100 monthly) and sees that food costs do not take more than fifty cents of each incoming dollar, he will earn from $5,000 to $10,000 yearly, O'Mahony tells him.

He may earn even more if he goes in for a "superdiner." For a client at Bordentown, New Jersey, eight miles from Princeton University, the O'Mahony company built a $25,000 diner, now called the Yankee Clipper.

This diner measures eighty-four feet, twice as long as the average lunch-wagon, seats 100 patrons, was trucked in one piece to its roadside location.

"FORD'S MISTAKE": W. S. Knudsen, Once Immigrant Boy, Now Heads General Motors

When the twenty-year-old Danish immigrant Signius Wilhelm Poul Knudsen arrived in America, an exasperated immigration official prodded him from behind, bawled, "Hurry up!" The immigrant boy jingled the $30 in his jeans, began at once to hurry. In a breath-taking industrial career he eventually sped to Henry Ford and the job of running twenty-seven Ford plants scattered throughout the country. When he slowed up long enough to break with Ford, the rift was called "Ford's biggest mistake."

Last week, Signius Wilhelm Poul Knudsen, now fifty-eight and known as William S. Knudsen, had sped further up the ladder, had become President of the world's No. 1 automobile producer, General Motors Corporation.

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., General Motors's retiring President, announced the promotion, revealed that he, Sloan, would succeed Lammot du Pont as Chairman of G.M.'s board, would also head policy and administrative committees governing the Corporation's business course.

Du Pont Move—Wall Street observers interpreted the resignation of Lammot du Pont, whose E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company owns the controlling interest (22.99 per cent.) of General Motors stock, as a withdrawal by du Pont interests from participation in G.M. affairs. (Du Pont interests have long disclaimed active participation.)

Friends of Knudsen, recalling his handling of the recent strike, describe him as a born negotiator, like to tell the story of the time the husky Dane was offered the job of foreman in a bicycle factory. Six previous foremen had been "run out" by cantankerous women employees.

"You probably won't stick," the plant manager told Knudsen.

The new foreman, however, named one of the recalcitrant girls as a subforewoman, achieved peace by appointing her as mediator between himself and her fellow employees.

To fellow employees at G.M., Knudsen presents a tall, slightly stooped figure topped by a weather-beaten face, ornamented by a full-lipped mustache which has been yellowed by years of constant cigar-smoking. He likes to wear his hat while working, answers the telephone with, "This is Knudsen."

Golfer—Employees big and little can see him at any time. Away from his office in Detroit, he will play an occasional round of golf, or more often bury himself in his library. His favorite author is Spinoza.

As Knudsen stepped into the President's rôle, he announced a $40,000,000 expansion program for G.M., particularly in production of Chevrolets, which will give Ford, his old boss, more stiff competition.

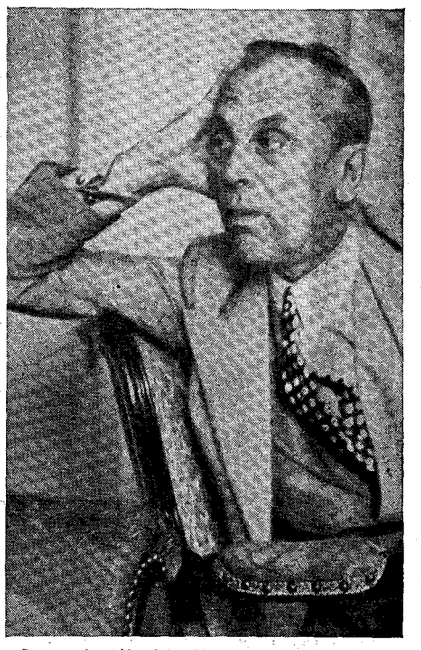
NO MELON: General Johnson's Firm Passes Dividend to Stock Up Raw Materials

When Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson opens his mouth, people usually prick up their ears, particularly if the General is fighting mad. Daily the General "opens his mouth" in 150 newspapers which print his column. Often he marshals his best cavalry-captain's vocabulary and rich figures of speech to assail the New Deal, more often to defend it.

Last week, General Johnson, original New Dealer and chief "cracker-downer" as head of the defunct NRA, opened his mouth in loud protest against the New Deal's debated surtax on undistributed profits. As President and Chairman of the Board of Lea Fabrics, Inc., an automobile floor-carpeting company in Newark, New Jersey, he called upon stockholders to witness the effects of the surtax on undistributed profits of small corporations.

Stock-Up—The General informed his stockholders that while their company would earn a profit for the year ending on May 31, there was no cash in the till with which to pay dividends. The cash which would have paid the dividends had been invested prudently in raw materials.

If dividends were not declared before May 31, *Uncle Sam* would levy a surtax charge on these undistributed profits. It was impossible to figure net profits at this time, the General complained, but the surtax probably would exceed $20,000.



Succeeds Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., as President

In its dilemma the company consulted the United States Treasury, studied income-tax laws, arrived at an acceptable solution. That solution called for the payment of dividends before the May 31 deadline by the issuance of $1 a share dividend in the form of five per cent. debentures (unsecured bonds), convertible at the option of the holder into capital stock of the company. Stockholders will vote on this solution on May 20.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

No richer mine of intimate corporate information exists than in the registration statements filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission. From reports to the SEC the New York Stock Exchange last week culled and released these data:

To its auditors, Lybrand, Ross Brothers and Montgomery, the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. last year paid $504,450. To its President, Walter S. Gifford, A. T. and T. paid $210,650 in salary. From the General Motors Corp., Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., retiring President, last year received $255,505; William S. Knudsen, newly-elected President, received $254,325; from Consolidated Oil Corporation Harry F. Sinclair, Chairman, received $200,660; from the Anaconda Copper Mining Co., Cornelius F. Kelley, President, received $167,263. From the F. W. Woolworth Co., attorneys received $135,767.

* * *

From the island of Bahrein off Eastern Arabia divers plunged last week into the Persian Gulf, inaugurated the summer pearl season. On the banks were pearl-brokers freshly arrived by air-plane from India, Iran, Paris, London. In the water, divers plunged an average seventy feet, stayed down one and one-half minutes, tried for pearls in about thirty dives before they called it a day. A clip like a clothes-pin closed their nostrils. Leather mittens protected their fingers as they tore oyster-shells from the rocks on the bottom. Like true gamblers, they preferred to work for a share of the profits rather than for regular pay. Spurring them on was the memory of the pearl which sold for $75,000 to a Paris merchant a decade ago.

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Mail

(Continued from page 8)

such unofficial hymns as "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," *etc.* "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the National Anthem of the United States by Act of Congress, approved March 3, 1931. According to Col. W. H. Waldron, U.S.A., "When the National Anthem is played . . . men not in uniform should stand and remove the headdress. . . . Women should render the salute as to the flag (stand and place the right hand over the heart)."—*Editor.*

Cuba

By F. M. EISCH—

I was pleased to read the article contained in your publication of May 1 under the caption "Cuba Health-Insurance Test-Tube."

Having spent some time in Cuba, I must say that your information is entirely accurate. It would be a blessing had we such institutions here to take care of the many who, because of lack of funds, are unable to obtain adequate medical aid.

Not only is the structure of the article excellent, but it is obvious that you have gone to the source to obtain potent facts. Such a policy deserves the highest praise.

New York City.

By FLORENCE HICKEY—

. . . I happen to be familiar with Cuban affairs and it seems to me that such a well-written, intelligent article as this, appearing in a magazine with such a large circulation as THE LITERARY DIGEST, will go far to promote a mutual understanding between the American and Cuban peoples. New York City.

By ANTONIO CARASA—

I resided in Havana for many years and, while there, had the privilege of belonging to one of the *quintas* of *Centro Asturiano.* It would make me very happy were you successful in selling the idea to the American people through articles such as the admirable one of May 1.

These are the greatest institutions of their kind in the world; similar institutions in America would indeed be a godsend to the millions in need of expert medical attention.

New York City.

By LILA INGRAM—

While I have been to Cuba many times and have visited the health institutions in Havana, I never have been acquainted fully with the details of the facilities these offered. Now, however, after reading your splendid article in the May 1 issue, I am happy to say that I shall be able to answer intelligently the questions put to me by the numerous doctors of my acquaintance.

Congratulations for bringing to public notice in your concise, yet all-inclusive article, subjects of such vital interest and importance as that of the *quintas.* New York City.

Borden Heads

By DAVID McDANIEL—

In THE LITERARY DIGEST'S issue of April 10, the book-reviewer makes an error when he states that Lizzie Borden found the bodies of her mother and father with their heads neatly hacked off.

Lizzie discovered only her father's body; her mother's was found by others. Nor were the heads neatly hacked off; they still were connected solidly to their bodies in spite of the ten wounds in Mr. Borden's and the eighteen in Mrs. Borden's. It is true, one might designate this as a neat job!

San Jose, California.

The Book Editor, bowing his own in shame, agrees that Mr. McDaniel wins by a head.—*Editor.*

"LOCKING THE DOOR AFTER THE BARN IS GONE"

—By Ding. ©N. Y. Tribune, Inc.

Courtesy of The News, New York's Picture Newspaper

"COME ON IN, I'LL TREAT YOU RIGHT. I USED TO KNOW YOUR DADDY"

Prize-winning cartoon by C. D. Batchelor was awarded first place and $500 by the Annual Pulitzer Prize Committee

Kings or Bandits?

By WHIDDEN GUAHAIN—

What is a king that our newspapers should devote thousands of columns to accounts of the approaching Coronation of the British King?

Eleven centuries ago, a gang of bloodthirsty pirates from Norway seized the northeast regions of France. The chief pirate became the Duke of Normandy. Two hundred years later, another gang of bandits invaded England and killed the Anglo-Saxon King. Duke William of Normandy became King of England.

It would seem that a king is nothing but a descendant of a boss-bandit, a pirate-chief, at the head of a mob of gangsters.

New York City.

Geometric Painting

By W. S. P. ROBINS—

I find in a recent article in your Letters and Art Department: "When Robert Blickenderfer sits down to paint these days, he chucks all rules of painting out the window." Also, it seems, he chucks out all rules of mathematics.

"It takes some sort of mathematician to paint this way," he says. But what sort of mathematician would figure that a hemisphere having a diameter of eighteen inches would have a surface area of fourteen feet?

Mr. Blickenderfer seems to be the sort of mathematician who doesn't know the difference between a half a sphere and a semicircle. He may have studied art under the country's outstanding teachers. But where, oh where, did he study geometry?

Kansas City.

Coal-Tar Products

By H. MAXWELL LANGDON, M. D.—

Recently you published an article on Prontylin in which you expressed wonder as to how public antipathy to coal-tar products arose.

About thirty years ago, two coal-tar products, Phenacetin and Antikamnia, were advertised to the public as remedies for the relief of headache. They did relieve the headache but, unfortunately, they were great heart-depressants and their use, in some cases, was disastrous.

I feel sure that this is the source of the bad name that coal-tar products have as therapeutic agents. Philadelphia.

The Magazine

By JAMES CRAN—

Without THE DIGEST, I am lost. There is no publication I know of containing so much condensed information on the affairs of the world. Well-balanced, THE DIGEST supplies the necessary food for thought, amazement at the narrow-mindedness of some who give expression to their view *via* Mail.

Plainfield, New Jersey.

By C. H. WETTER—

I have read THE DIGEST since my high-school days when I used it in my current-events class. I still consider it necessary reading, especially so in the light of your new method of reporting through completely rounded-out articles.

Tho I am a newspaper man, receiving all the news-magazines, Thursday night remains DIGEST night at my home.

Watertown, Wisconsin.

By JOHN A. WALSH,
Governor, Pennsylvania Clubs—

Starting nearly twelve years ago, the American Business Club has published as its chapter bulletin "The Little Erring Digest."

As its name and type-design suggests, the little bulletin was a caricature of your distinguished weekly. During its twelve years of informative duty "The Little Erring Digest" has traveled to nearly every part of the world and has served to keep our wandering club-members informed of the activities of their friends at home. It has learned the lessons of accuracy and impartiality from its adopted stepfather and, for us, has assumed a position of importance equaled only by that of our favorite weekly, THE LITERARY DIGEST. Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

By YORK SAMPSON,
Managing Editor, S.D. News Bureau—

As a newsman, I appreciate your policy of giving as many sides of the question as possible without apparent effort to editorialize either the issues or persons in the news. My only suggestion: You might give us more quotations from the outstanding newspapers of the world on vital issues.

Your policy of continually brightening and broadening the scope of your coverage and the sparkle of your presentation is certainly attracting much favorable attention out this way. Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

By KATE GALT ZANEIS,
President, Southeastern Teachers College—

Please accept my appreciation of the article on this college in your issue of February 13 under the title "Mrs. Prexy."

I assure you this college is happy to merit consideration from such a worthy magazine.

Durant, Oklahoma.

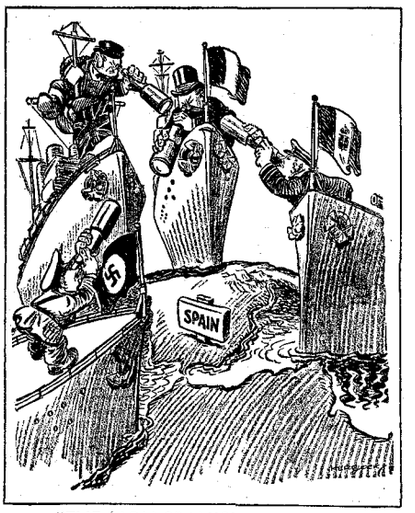
Slips

By BORIS NIKOLAS—

I have been a reader of your "Slips That Pass in Type" column for some time, and a curiosity has seized me. How do you put it together? Do you pay for contributions, or do you have your own emissaries gather Slips?

New York City.

Slips are sent to THE LITERARY DIGEST by interested readers all over the country. They receive no other remuneration than the doubtful glory of seeing their contributions in print. —*Editor.*



"THE NON-SPANISH ARMADA"

—By Herblock. ©NEA

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A Shocking Child.—There had been several earthquake shocks in a certain district. So a married couple sent their little boy to an uncle who lived out of the danger-zone.

A few days later they received this telegram:

"Am returning your boy. Send earthquake."—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

Not Lost.—All through a baseball game an enthusiast had loudly urged the home-team on to victory. Finally he turned to his pal and said: "I believe I've lost my voice for the moment."

"Don't worry," was the reply, "you'll find it in my left ear."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Logical.—"If the Dean doesn't take back what he said to me this morning, I am going to leave college."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to leave college."—*Columbia Jester.*

Deceptive.—JACK: "Who spilled the mustard on this waffle, dear?"

WIFE: "Oh, Jack, how could you? This is lemon pie."—*U. S. S. Reina Mercedes.*

Necks, Please.—JOHNNY: "They say a camel can go two weeks without any water."

FATHER: "Yes, a little drink goes a long way with a giraffe, too."—*Boys' Life.*

Grave Business.—"My brother is working with 5,000 men under him."

"Where?"

"Mowing lawns in a cemetery."—*West Point Pointer.*

Voids.—Hoid on Toity-Toid Street: "Papa, what's a vacuum?"

"A vacuum's a void, Sonny."

"I know, Papa, but vat's the void mean?"—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

You Can Habit.—"Why do you cross your legs?"

"I got the habit from Burbank."—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*

"CAREFUL WHERE YOU THROW YOUR MATCH, SIR — YOU MIGHT START A FOREST FIRE!"

—Lichty in Brooklyn Daily Eagle

Round-Up.—"Would you give ten cents to help the Old Ladies Home?"

"What! Are they out again?"—*U. S. C. G. Foretop.*

Old Reprint.—"It's raining cats and dogs outside."

"Yeh, I know, I just stepped into a poodle."—*Red Hen.*

Not Thirsty.—"Have you given the goldfish fresh water?"

"No, ma'am, they ain't finished the water I gave them yesterday yet."—*Annapolis Log.*

Depends. — TENANT (complaining): "There's a dozen holes in this roof that the rain comes through. How long do I have to put up with it?"

LANDLORD: "Well, what is to-day's forecast?"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Private.—"And what led up to the free-for-all fight in which you were participating?" the judge asked Clancy.

"I dunno, Yer Honor," replied the defendant. "I never was one of them folks to stick me nose in other people's business."—*U. S. C. G. Foretop.*

Difficult.—JUDGE: "Speeding, eh? How many times have you been before me?"

SPEEDER: "Never, Your Honor. I've tried to pass you on the road once or twice, but my old bus will only do fifty-five."—*U. S. S. Colorado Lookout.*

Ignorance.—HE: "I want to know, once for all, who is boss in this house?"

SHE: "You'll be much happier if you don't try to find out."—*U. S. S. Tennessee Tar.*

Directional.—A tourist stopped his car on the road and asked a little country boy how far it was to Smithville.

The little boy replied: "It's 24,999 miles the way you're goin', but if you turn around it ain't but four."—*The Sentinel.*

Darn Wrap.—Mr. Jones found some holes in his stockings and asked his wife: "Why haven't you mended these?"

"Did you buy that coat you promised me?"

"No-o," he replied.

"Well, then, if you don't give a wrap I don't give a darn."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Addition.—MOTHER (teaching her son arithmetic): "Now take the Smith family—there's mummy, daddy, and the baby. How many does that make?"

BRIGHT SON: "Two and one to carry."—*Stray Stories.*

Classified.—"Did you ever get your diamond back from that peach you were stuck on?"

"No; she's the cling-stone variety, y'know."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Something Wrong.—A lady with a huge brown-paper parcel came out of a chiropodist's establishment. She was furiously angry and said to the friend awaiting her: "Calls himself a chiropodist and can't stuff a dog!"—*Montreal Daily Star.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Dallenbach—of Cornell faculty—formerly *ä;* hence, *del'en-bach* (German *bach*).

Melander—of College of the City of New York—not *mel,* but *me: me-land'er.*

Vuilleumier—of Dickinson faculty—reduces to *vee'um-yay.*

Wehrwein—of Wisconsin faculty—Americanized to *wur'wine.*

Weygandt—of Univ. of Pa. faculty—just *wy'gant.*

Woellner—of Univ. of Calif. faculty—Americanized to *well'ner.*

Yerkes—of Yale faculty—he prefers *yur'keez* to *yur'kiss.*

Zdanowicz—of Wisconsin faculty—not difficult: *stan'o-vitch.*

Slips That Pass in Type

And take monkeys! They didn't amuse me this year. No efficiency! No order! Monkeys represent all the outmoded theories of life.—*H. I. Phillips—Wheeling (W. Va.) paper.*

Them's cows, Hi; but they *do* seem a trifle inefficient and disorderly this year.

SPECIAL HEAD
FOR DEFECTIVE
PUPILS PLANNED
—*Cincinnati paper.*

Yes, but is it practical?

Local children have one of the strangest pastimes in the world. It consists of riding huge 400-pound turtles that come ashore includes a ten-inch reflecting telescope, a telescopic camera and meridian circle.—*New York paper.*

It *does* seem a little peculiar.

H—W— suffered a broken leg Saturday night while changing a tire on the pavement.—*Cresco (Iowa) paper.*

The pavement's supposed to be flat, silly.

THREE TRINIDAD WOMEN
KILLED BY BAD FORD
—*Albuquerque (N. M.) paper.*

You have to keep 'em from loco-weed.

Columbia, Tenn., which calls itself the largest outdoor mule market in the world, recently held a mule parade, headed by the governor.—*New York magazine.*

Getting personal, hey?

An auto driven by Mrs. P—— J—— of Stockertown crashed into the middle of a train of freight cars on the way back from a party in Allentown.—*Bethlehem (Pa.) paper.*

Tsk, tsk. How these freights *do* go on.

Clark Gable categorically denied maternity of 13-year-old Gwendoline Norton to-day in a court room besieged by hundreds of women.—*Baton Rouge paper.*

We don't blame him.

The proper way to lift a rabbit is to grasp him by the skin just going strong in Montana. The first themselves.—*Miami (Fla.) paper.*

'Tain't so.

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